

HAPPINESS, HERE AND HEREAFTER

IN spite of the magnificent gift of reason with which man has been endowed, what a strangely inconsistent creature he is! This inconsistency is patent to every observer, and the evidences of it are even more striking in the supernatural order than in the natural. Thus, for instance, every Catholic admits that sin is by far the greatest of all possible calamities, yet how many act as though it were the very least! So again, to take another instance, they all candidly acknowledge that divine grace is the most priceless of treasures, and that one additional degree of actual grace surpasses in intrinsic value all the accumulated treasures of the material universe. Yet, in practice, many will make no effort to increase their store, or even to safeguard the little they already possess. But I have dwelt upon these points before.¹ On this occasion I propose referring to another, and that is, to a Catholic's attitude towards the happiness which God has solemnly promised to those who are willing to serve Him loyally during the few years of the present life, *i.e.*, the happiness of Heaven.

Let us start by considering that man has been adapted and indeed created for happiness. He can no more help seeking it than he can help breathing. From his first entry into this "valley of tears," till he closes his eyes in the last sleep of death, he is always seeking after it. Even the poor, misguided wretch who hangs himself, or who throws himself under a passing train, is no exception to the universal rule. He destroys himself to avoid a painful crisis which he dare not face, and commits suicide because he imagines that, owing to his present trials and misfortunes, he will be happier dead than alive. Thus, all men, without exception, pursue happiness, though not all pursue it where it may truly be found.

Now the question arises: If all men are attracted even by such an inadequate happiness as this world can afford, how comes it that the infinitely greater happiness, offered by God, awakes so little enthusiasm and arouses such weak desires? Let us state the case as simply as possible. Thus: A Catholic is taught, and sincerely believes, that there is awaiting him

¹ In the pages of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

beyond the grave, provided he leads an ordinary good life, a happiness incomparably intenser and greater than any happiness the world can ever offer him, even though he were the luckiest and the most favoured of men. He knows full well that it is a happiness, not merely immeasurably more intense and more satisfying and joy-yielding than any happiness he can ever look forward to in this world, but also a pure, unadulterated, unclouded happiness, without any admixture of sorrow, care, or anxiety, and—what is perhaps of still greater importance—a happiness absolutely secure and absolutely permanent. Furthermore, he is assured, and readily accepts the statement, that a soul, with the experience of both states before him, would undoubtedly deem it a higher privilege and a far more desirable favour to gaze on the unveiled Face of God for the space of one minute, than to swim in an ocean of earthly delights for a thousand years.

The ordinary conscientious Catholic may indeed wonder at the doctrine, as expressed by learned theologians and inspired saints, who dilate upon the ecstatic joys of the Beatific Vision, but he will not question its substantial truth. Thus he does not suspect St. John of the Cross of exaggeration when he writes:

Two visions are fatal to man, because he cannot bear them. One, that of the basilisk, at the sight of which men are said to die at once. The other is the vision of God; but there is a great difference between them. The former kills by poison, the other with infinite bliss and glory. It is therefore nothing strange for the soul to desire to die by beholding the beauty of God, in order to enjoy Him for ever. . . .

If [he goes on to say] the soul had but *one single glimpse* of the grandeur and beauty of God, it would not only desire to die once, in order to behold Him, but would endure joyfully a *thousand most bitter deaths to behold Him, even for a moment*, and having seen Him once, would suffer as many deaths again to see Him for another moment.¹

Think, then, what the delight must be of seeing and enjoying Him, in all His splendour and magnificence, for an endless eternity!

Though Archbishop Kirby does not speak with the authority of St. John, yet he faithfully interprets the teaching of the Church when he writes:

¹ *Works*, Vol. II. p. 57.

God's goodness, beauty and amiability are immense. They are calculated to ravish the heart of every creature to such a degree, as to render it *incomparably* better to behold Him FOR A SINGLE INSTANT, THAN TO ENJOY FOR ALL ETERNITY ALL THE DELIGHTS OF THE UNIVERSE.¹

The same thought occurs in another passage on p. 94:

So great is the amiability, and so great the perfections of God, that the damned would gladly suffer all their torments *a thousand times over*, could they but look, EVEN FOR A MOMENT, on that divine and heavenly countenance which the angels themselves desire to behold.

Though there is no need of multiplying authorities, we will add just one more, who is a member of the Society of Jesus. After speaking of the happiness of an Eternity with God, Father Jn. Nieremberg, S.J., continues:

But why do I insist upon eternity? Even though this glory were not eternal, but only momentary, yet it is a good so boundlessly great, that *an eternity of suffering can not be deemed too much to purchase it, though only for a moment*, granting that we behold God intuitively in that instant.²

Of course, man's reason itself will convince him that happiness must be greater or less according to the nature of the source from which it springs. And, that consequently a happiness which is derived from the possession of a finite good can never approach in intensity, nor be compared in any way, with a happiness which is derived from the possession of an infinite good. Yet it is evident that all earthly happiness is derived from finite objects. It consists in the possession of bodily health, earthly pleasures, money, influence, authority, and in eating, drinking and carousing, as well as in music, dancing, display, sensual delights, and a host of other purely finite and created goods; whereas heavenly happiness is derived essentially from that which is uncreated, eternal and infinite, namely, from God. "I am thy reward, exceeding great."

Strong as this argument is, its force becomes very much intensified when we begin to realize the intimate closeness of the mysterious union which takes place between God, the infinitely beautiful, and the glorified soul in Heaven. A

¹ *Meditations*, p. 40.

² *Temporal and Eternal*, p. 372.

vast number even of Catholics fall immeasurably short of the truth in their conception of the Beatific Vision.

Many picture Heaven to themselves as a kind of glorified theatre in which the Blessed sit around, in endless rows, tier above tier, gazing at the infinite beauty of God from a respectful distance. What could be more unlike the glorious reality? Père Lejeune's words are much to the point. After speaking of the wrong notions, he observes:

But His love demands much greater intimacy than that. He will unite Himself to us, in the closest unity. He will be as the very air that we breathe; as the very torrent of delights with which we shall be inebriated, the life of our life, and our impassioned Lover. He will kiss us with the kisses of His mouth, and will receive the same from us. In short; He will not be satisfied until He, as it were, unites Himself with the loving soul, and until both melt together into one, . . . Heaven is not the mere sight of God, it is the being absorbed into God (*fusion avec Dieu*) by love and happiness.¹

It must be borne in mind that:

The vision of God by the Blessed in Heaven is not mere vision, but union; they see God as He is in Himself, not from a distance, as sensible objects are seen, nor by a discursive intellectual process as intelligible ideas are perceived, but, so to speak, from within. They are not, it is needless to say, pantheistically merged into God, but united to Him, by His supernatural action, so that the consciousness of the Divine presence in the soul is akin to, and in some sense bound up with its consciousness of itself. Therefore, as our self-consciousness is intellectual and yet immediate, so also the beatific vision of God is both immediate and intellectual. Hence it is not surprising that "St. Teresa could not distinguish between herself and God while in a state of rapture," and St. John of the Cross says that "the soul seems to be God rather than itself, and indeed is God by participation."²

The ordinary devout Catholic, whose ideas of the next world are largely dependent upon his experiences in this, will look upon God as a great King ruling His subjects, in His Kingdom of Heaven, with infinite benignity, and wisdom, and love indeed, but with even a greater aloofness, dignity and reserve than characterize even the mightiest sovereigns here below. As an ordinary well-conducted sub-

¹ Lejeune, *Avant et Après La Communion*, p. 323.

² *Mysticism*. By Rev. A. B. Sharpe, pp. 93, 97.

ject in an earthly court might expect to receive a few words of greeting, or an occasional encouraging smile, or even a friendly grasp of the hand, from his earthly sovereign, but would never be so presumptuous as to expect to be invited into his private apartments, or to sit down at his table, and would certainly not dream of being caressed and familiarly loved, so we are naturally inclined to think that God in Heaven will be far too infinitely exalted above us to treat with us individually and familiarly and with real tenderness and affection.

But the astounding fact is that, so far from standing aloof from us, He will unite Himself in the most inconceivably intimate manner to each soul; and be "all-in-all" even to the least of the Blessed.

When we recall what God does for us, day by day, even in this land of exile, such extraordinary intimacy should evoke no surprise. If, in Holy Communion, God gives Himself to each individual soul, wholly and entirely, Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity, just as though no other creature existed, and this while we are yet sinners, and *in via*, how much more readily and in how much more admirable a manner will He not give Himself to us when we are purified from sin and *in patria*? Listen to the following description, by the late Bishop Hedley, concerning the close personal union between the soul and its God in Holy Communion:

In this sacrament, worthily received, the holy and powerful personality of Jesus comes into contact with the being of a man; into a nearness that did not exist before. It is a contact of power or of "virtue" in the scholastic phrase; faculty affects faculty; intellect affects intellect; will touches will; holiness seeks room for itself; humility and obedience flow in like a tide; love and piety penetrate like the morning light. Christ is in us like a diffused aroma, influencing, bracing, intensifying, sanctifying all the springs of spiritual life, and even natural life. It is difficult to put any limit to this all-embracing union of Jesus with the soul and heart, except that of a man's own receptive action. If a man responds, Jesus stints not His communication.¹

Marvellous indeed is such intimacy; but immeasurably more marvellous still must be the intimacy between the glorified soul and its Divine Spouse in the Heavenly Courts, when the Divine Presence, filling and flooding the soul, will no

¹ *A Spiritual Retreat*, p. 135.

longer be hidden away under the sacramental species, but will be manifest and dazzling in its infinite beauty and splendour.¹ Nothing is so magnificent as God. If we are attracted by glory, we shall find in Him infinite glory; if we have a taste for the beautiful, we shall find nothing so beautiful as He is. Do we seek abundance? He is rich in everything. If we love faithful hearts, who can offer a constancy equal to His? Do we wish to be led by severity or by sweetness? Nothing is so terrible as His power; nothing so reassuring as His pity. Do we need consolation in affliction, or a guide in prosperity? From Him alone, we receive all joy in good fortune, all alleviation in grief. Reason then demands that we should love Him in whom the most perfect gifts are found.

In this connection we may perhaps quote the following striking passage from Cardinal Newman:²

I believe, and confess, and adore the incomprehensible God, as being infinitely more wonderful, resourceful, and immense than this universe, which I see. I look into the depth of space, in which the stars are scattered about, and I understand that I should be millions upon millions of years creeping along from one end of it to the other, if a bridge were thrown across it. I consider the overwhelming variety, richness, intricacy of God's work; the elements, principles, laws, results which go to make it up. I try to recount the multitudes of kinds of knowledge of sciences, and of arts, of which it can be made the subject. And I know I should be ages upon ages in learning everything that is to be learned about this world, supposing me to have the power of learning it at all. And new sciences would come to light, at

¹ "L'amour opère alors, par voie de transformation, une telle ressemblance entre eux, qu'ils sont à la fois l'un et l'autre, et que les deux sont un. Et cela se comprend parce que dans l'union et la transformation d'amour, l'un donne possession de soi à l'autre, chacun s'abandonne, se livre et s'échange pour l'autre; c'est ainsi que chacun vit dans l'autre, et que l'un est en même temps l'autre, cependant que les deux sont un, par transformation d'amour. C'est bien là ce que saint Paul veut faire comprendre quand il dit de lui-même: '*Vivo autem, jam non ego, vivit vero in me Christus.*' (Gal. II. 20.) . . . Sa vie est plus divine qu'humaine, ce qui lui permet de dire qu'il ne vit plus, lui, mais le Christ en lui. De sorte que selon cette ressemblance par transformation, nous pouvons dire que sa vie et celle de Jésus-Christ étaient une même vie dans l'union d'amour. C'est bien là ce qui s'accomplira de façon parfaite au ciel, dans la vie divine, pour tous ceux qui auront mérité de se voir en Dieu transformés en Dieu, ils vivront la vie de Dieu, et non la leur propre, bien qu'ils vivront aussi de leur vie, puisque la vie de Dieu sera leur vie."—(St. John of the Cross, in the very last and most up-to-date French translation, by Chanoine H. Hoornaert a. d. 1918, p. 105).

present unsuspected, as fast as I had mastered the old, and the conclusions of to-day would be nothing more than starting points of to-morrow. And I see, moreover, and the *more* I examine it, the *more* I shall understand the marvellous beauty of these works of His hands. And so, I might begin again, after this material universe, and find a new world of knowledge, higher and more wonderful, in His intellectual creations. His angels, and other spirits and men. But all, all that is in these worlds, high and low, are *but an atom* compared with the grandeur, the height and depth and the glory on which His saints are gazing, in their contemplation of God. It is the occupation of eternity, ever new, inexhaustible, ineffably ecstatic, the stay and the blessedness of existence, thus to drink in and be dissolved in God.

Bearing in mind man's intense and insatiable thirst for happiness, it is certainly difficult to understand why "the desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ," should not be more universal among God's faithful followers. When one considers, in the first place, who God is, and in the second place, His promise to give Himself to each faithful soul, with even greater fullness and completeness than a bridegroom gives himself to his bride: "I am thy reward, exceeding great" (Gen. xv. 1), surely one might expect the words of David, or at least their equivalent, to be constantly on every Christian's lips! "As the hart panteth after the fountains of water; so my soul panteth after Thee, O my God" (Ps. ci.).

In short, the question we propose to ourselves is this: Granting that what St. John of the Cross says to be true, viz.: "If the soul had but one single glimpse of the grandeur and the beauty of God, it would not only desire to die at once, in order to behold Him, but would endure joyfully a *thousand most bitter deaths, to behold Him, even for a MOMENT*," etc. (Vol. II., p. 57), how comes it that scarcely any one is found to be longing and impatient to die, I will not say a thousand most bitter deaths, but so much as *one* single easy death, in order that he may see God, not for a moment merely, but that he may feast upon the heavenly vision securely for all eternity? This is, surely, an extraordinary anomaly.

The explanation generally given of this inconsistency is wholly unsatisfactory. People will answer somewhat as fol-

lows: "Well, the fact is, you see, the whole thing is so uncertain. Nobody knows whether he be deserving of love or of hate (Eccles. ix. 1). We can never feel absolutely sure of going to the right place," and so forth. But, in sober truth, this is no real explanation at all, for experience itself proves that one may be brimming over with joy and exultation at the mere prospect of a happiness, the *source of which is by no means absolutely secure.*

Suffer me to illustrate my contention by an illustration.

I once became acquainted with an attractive and intelligent young German, whom, for the purpose of my illustration, I will call Fritz. I got to know him very well, so, observing him for some time to be low and dejected and out of sorts, I ventured at last to ask him the cause of his melancholy. After a little hesitation, he told me, in confidence, that the fact was he was over head and shoulders in love with "the most beautiful and the most charming and accomplished *mädchen* in all the world," who dwelt on the banks of the Rhine, and that his one wish in life was to marry her. But, unfortunately, there were difficulties in the way; and her parents absolutely refused to sanction the match, etc., etc. In consequence of this, for many months the young man kept on brooding over his hard fate, and melancholy claimed him for its own.

Then, all at once, there came a sudden and complete change. I remember it very well. It was on a bright, beautiful sunny day towards the end of May. Though Fritz was not living with me at the time, yet he got into the house somehow, and then, without knocking or craving admittance in his usual way, he flung open my sitting-room door and rushed in without any ceremony, clapping his hands and dancing up and down in an uncontrollable ecstasy, crying out: "Thank God! It is all right; everything arranged. My happy cup is overflowing."

"No," I said, taking care to keep quite calm, "No, you mean that your cup of happiness is brimming over."

But he was in no mood to bear correcting. Again he repeated: "My happy cup is full—over full—running over. I—am at last accepted! She will be mine; for ever mine; all mine."

In short, the wedding had been arranged, and he was to marry this paragon of perfection.

The following morning I went with my young and en-

thusiastic friend to the station and saw him off by the train. I must confess that I have never in all my life came across any one so radiantly happy, or any one whose happiness so shone and glowed on every feature. His boyish face seemed to be quite lit up and was wreathed with happy smiles, while his eyes sparkled and his very voice seemed to have grown tender and more amorous. As he sat in a corner of the railway carriage waiting for the train to start, I said to him: "Now, my dear Fritz, do not be too sure. You know that 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

He looked anxious and said: "What *do* you mean?" I replied: "The *mädchen* may die before you can reach her. Or your train may get smashed up between here and the coast. Or the boat carrying you over the sea may founder, with all on board. In fact, *you are not absolutely sure* of ever seeing your *fiancée* again."

"True," he responded; "I am not, of course, *absolutely* sure, but I am quite sure enough to make my heart bound with joy. I am certain enough to feel that I am now in heaven, and perfectly happy." Then he threw up his hands and exclaimed: "I am in heaven; I am in heaven *now*. What will it be when I can actually clasp her to my heart!"

Now if in the above case, as well as in an infinite number of similar cases, even the *most undoubted risks and dangers do not interfere with the joyous anticipation* of intense happiness, in the natural order, why should certain unavoidable risks be so destructive of the joyous anticipation of a yet more intense happiness, in the supernatural order?

Besides, it must be borne in mind that the dangers that threaten an earthly lover should inspire much greater fear and anxiety, since they, indeed, depend upon circumstances over which he has no control. The aspirant after heavenly joys, on the contrary, knows, with the certainty of divine faith, that nothing can rob *him* of *his* prize but his own infidelity. He is fully conscious that the only person who has so much as the power to wreck all his hopes is HIMSELF!

Hence, in spite of what so many say, I contend that the bare possibility of losing Heaven and of forfeiting one's claim to the eternal possession of God cannot, of itself, account for the apathy and indifference of which we complain.

Furthermore, hope is a theological virtue. We are bound to hope; and most of us, if we are generously and loyally

trying to serve God, feel a moral certainty of being in a state of grace, so, it seems to me that we should be literally on fire with the desire of beholding our King, in all His glory. Not only is the prize at which we aim infinitely higher than that which is looked forward to by the most favoured earthly lover, but our chances of winning it are also immeasurably more solidly established and far more securely founded.

Most of the Saints seemed to have been filled with a great longing for Heaven. We read of many a one who, on being informed that he was dying, was heard to cry out in the greatest joy and expectancy: "Laetatus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi—in domum Domini ibimus." Others, we are assured, like St. Martin, have actually expressed themselves willing to prolong their earthly course, if God saw it to be expedient, as though such an act of self-sacrifice were *an act of the most consummate heroism*.¹ In the case of St. Ignatius, the martyr, so little did the prospect of his cruel death check his longing to be with his Divine Master, that he was ready to suffer anything to secure such a delight, and cried out, in the fervour of his heart: "Omnia tormenta diaboli in me veniant, dummodo Christo fruatur!" "Oh!" exclaims St. Teresa, "if we were utterly detached, how the pain caused by living always away from God would temper the fear of death with the desire of enjoying the true life. Sometimes I consider that if a person like myself [St. Teresa, being a great Saint, thought herself, of course, the worst of sinners] frequently feels her banishment so acutely, what must have been the feelings of the Saints! What must St. Paul and the Magdalene, and others like them have suffered, in whom the fire of the love of God had grown so strong. Their life must have been a continual martyrdom."²

"Who truly and ardently loves another," observes the learned Cardinal Bellarmine,³ "cannot endure with patience

¹ "Martinus ita Deum orabat: Domine, si adhuc populo tuo sum necessarius, non recuso laborem." (Brev., die 11 Nov.)

² *Life*, p. 161.

³ As my translation is a very "free" one, perhaps I had better give the Cardinal's actual words: "Qui vere et ex corde diligit, non potest patienter tolerare absentiam dilecti; sed sive comedat, sive bibat, sive quid aliud agat, semper dilectum cogitat, et cogitando suspirat, et plorat. Et si forte dormiat, illum quoque somnando videt, et cum eo confabulantur. Et si haec accidunt iis, qui amore capti sunt rerum mortalium et faedarum: quid illi facient, qui amore capti sunt pulchritudinis infinitae et sempiternae." (*De Gemitu Columbae*, L. II, Chap. x. p. 182.)

the absence of the beloved; but, whether he eats or drinks or whatsoever else he does, he is always thinking of, and sighing for, and desiring the company of the loved one. Even while he sleeps, his thoughts are about her, and he sees and converses with her in his dreams. And, if such be the case [continues the great Cardinal] with those, whose hearts are on fire with the love of one, who is mortal and imperfect and unworthy; who shall describe the passionate longing and the insatiable thirst of those whose hearts have become enamoured with a Beauty that is infinite and uncreated and eternal!"

The fact of the matter is, we do not love God half enough, nor do we sufficiently occupy our minds with the thought of the wholly inconceivably magnificent rewards which He has prepared for those who love Him. If only we kept this startling truth more frequently in mind, not only should we appreciate our privilege far more intensely, but we would experience a profound happiness, even amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life, such as the world cannot give, and would be constantly buoyed up by the brightest anticipations of so glorious a future. Even death itself would lose its terrors, and the present world its attractions, and—like another St. Ignatius, we would exclaim, with perfect sincerity: "*Quam sordet tellus dum coelum intueor.*"

J. S. VAUGHAN.

KENOSIS

MY laws are shaped, your eager will to tame,
I speak to you by storm and flood and wind;
Or bid you pace, with Me, life's alleys blind—
Dull unsunned haunts that show nor end nor aim.
Each day I thwart some dearest wish, disclaim
Some natural right! . . . And when you look to find
Fruit of your toil and favour with your kind,
I sour the sweet, and turn the fame to shame.

Aye! For I still must plague you! Though there steal
At whiles, some soothing gleam, across the gloom
Of My dark Ways, not here can I reveal
What burns within My Heart, nor give It room! . . .
. . . My Love, uncloaked, till death you must not feel—
The naked Light would blind, the Fire consume!

G. M. HORT.

THE FRENCH PRIEST IN THE WAR

YEARS ago, as an ecclesiastical student, I lived in France. Most of my friends there have since become priests. Nearly all of them were called to active service during the war. I have often wondered how they fared during those years of military life, to what extent they were able to discharge their priestly functions, and what influence they exercised over the soldiers with whom they lived. The very meagre articles in the English press on the subject of the priest-soldiers, often written merely for recruiting purposes, completely failed to satisfy my curiosity. Since the end of the war, I have had the good fortune to spend several weeks on the Continent in the company of French priests. Most of them had just been demobilized, some were still soldiers waiting to be released from the army. As these priests had served in many different capacities, I was able to get from them first-hand information as to the various rôles played by the French clergy during the war. My principal informant was l'Abbé H—, a very talented and brave priest, whose experiences gained him several of the most coveted distinctions, and a wound that obliges him to hobble about with the aid of a stick.

He explained to me that the French priests in the army might be divided into two very separate classes: The Military Chaplains properly so-called, and the Priests serving as soldiers owing to the Law of Conscription.

I.

THE OFFICIAL MILITARY CHAPLAINS.

The French law, I was told, did not recognize any military chaplains at all during peace-time, but there existed a decree of May, 1913, promising that in time of war two priests would be attached to the ambulances at the front and two chaplains appointed for each Division. When the war broke out in August, 1914, the Government made a genuine effort to carry out this decree. It was found, however, that the number of chaplains was quite insufficient. It was physically impossible for them to look after more than a small proportion of the men under their care. Monsieur de Mun, always an untiring champion of Catholic causes, took the matter up.

He obtained from the Government the appointment of 250 extra chaplains. It was stipulated, however, that these additional chaplains should be unpaid volunteers. French Catholics, of whose religious zeal some of us seem to have no great appreciation, are yet always able to find men and money for any missionary enterprise. In this case they did not fail. The voluntary chaplains were quickly found; many of them Jesuits, who had been so fiercely persecuted by the French politicians. Money was forthcoming also to help them in their work. Later on the Government consented to pay the voluntary chaplains at the rate of about ten francs a day in addition to their rations.

We have thus two classes of chaplains: The Regular Army Chaplains, called *Aumôniers Divisionnaires*, who ranked as Captains; and the Voluntary Chaplains, called *Aumôniers Volontaires*, who had no military rank, but were treated as officers, and who messed with the doctors in the *Groupe de Brancardiers*. Both of these classes of chaplains wore their cassocks and not military uniform. We shall see what their duties were, when we have considered the position of the priests in the ranks.

II.

THE PRIESTS IN THE RANKS.

To understand the position of the French priest-soldier, we must remember that his place in the army depended very much on whether he was called to the colours under the law of three years' service, or the two years' law. The older law obliged every French citizen, on reaching twenty-one years of age, to serve in the army for three years. At the end of that time he was placed in the Reserve, obliged to put in a certain number of weeks' periodic training and liable to be called for active service in case of war. From this law a great number of partial exemptions were given. One of these was that ecclesiastical students did only one year's service instead of three, and it was guaranteed that in war time priests should be used only as stretcher-bearers and for other non-combatant work. This explains how so many of the French priests in the army were employed in hospital duty or other work of that kind.

The law of two years' service, which was passed in 1906, did away with all exceptions and exemptions. By this law everyone who was physically fit had to serve his two years

under the colours, and then pass into the Reserve, liable to be summoned for combatant service in case of war. Thus the younger priests, who fell under this law, went into the trenches as ordinary *poilus*. The exceptions made by the older law, moreover, were withdrawn by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies some time about the middle of the war, 1917. A certain number of priests were then taken from hospital work or stretcher-bearing and sent into the trenches. However, I am told that this change was in practice applied only to a small number of priests. Most of them were left at the work they were already doing. Roughly speaking, then, we may say that priests under the age of thirty fought, whilst those who were thirty or over that age, picked up the wounded on the field of battle, tended them in the hospitals, and did other non-combatant work.

We can easily understand that, for the priests in the fighting line, it was no easy matter to live up to their priestly obligations. They had to live as ordinary soldiers, with no exemptions, and nothing to distinguish them from the other men. In these circumstances it is greatly to their credit that the vast majority managed to say Mass very frequently, and even to recite their Breviary as a general rule. I have been told even of a priest—a flying officer—who used to recite his Office in his aeroplane, 2,000 feet up in the air. He must have been free from earthly distractions at any rate. The priest had to do these things in his own time, after he had taken his full share of working or fighting like the rest of his company. To say Mass, the priest-soldier, even though worn out by the previous day's toil, had to rise at least an hour before the *réveil*, so as to have his devotions finished before his military duties claimed him. The Breviary was said in odd moments of freedom.

I was agreeably surprised to hear from so many priests of the great courtesy with which they were treated by their fellow-soldiers. The *curés*, it appears, were quite popular among the men. The other soldiers would willingly help the priests to instal their little chapels or set up their altars, and even men, who in civil life were fierce anti-clericals, showed no hostility, and would refrain from anything that might disturb the "Massing-priest" while at his prayers.

To procure altars, wine, altar-breads, and all other requisites for such a vast number, was in the beginning a very great difficulty. The generosity of the French Catholics took up

the burden. A society was formed to provide all these necessities for the priests under arms. Over a million and a half francs were raised by voluntary subscription, more than ten thousand altars or altar requisites were supplied, and over eight million altar-breads for celebrating Mass or giving Holy Communion. Mass was of course celebrated in all kinds of places; sometimes in the village church, sometimes in little temporary shelters run up for the occasion, and, often enough, when the weather would allow it, in the open air.

It has been said that some of these priests in the army succumbed to the temptations into which they were thrown. That may indeed be true of a very small minority. Is it to be wondered at, indeed, that amongst these thousands of priests, many of them with little or no experience of the world, in such difficult surroundings, there should have been found a small number who were not in every point faithful to their high vocation? The marvel is rather that the enormous majority, not only managed to observe the essential obligations of their priesthood, but returned to their presbyteries, or to their communities, as fervent in their piety and as regular in their religious life as they were before they took the rifle into their hands.

III.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRIESTS UPON THE SOLDIERS.

A.—*The ordinary soldier-priest.*

The ordinary soldier-priest, doing an ordinary soldier's work, could hope to influence only those amongst whom he lived his daily round. Outside his own squad or his own section he could do little or nothing. He had his full day's work like the others, and in his free time he had no permission to stray further from his quarters than was given to the others of his own rank. He could, however, give the men a chance of hearing Sunday Mass, and of going to confession, especially on the eve of an attack; sometimes he was able to come to the aid of those who fell around him in battle. The priestly work done by these soldiers was, it appears, greater in the beginning than towards the end. Two causes are assigned for this. One was that in the first months of the war there was a great increase of fervour in France, a return to religion on the part of many who had been careless or hostile before. During this period the men rushed to the

priests who were in the ranks beside them, as the number of chaplains was totally insufficient to cope with the demand for their services. Unfortunately this fervour did not last. After a certain time the old indifferentism and carelessness reappeared. The other cause was the organization of the *prêtres-brancardiers* or *aumôniers de bataillon*, of whose valiant work I shall speak further on.

B.—*The Official Military Chaplain.*

These chaplains, as we have seen, lived with the officers, and those of them that were regular Government chaplains held officers' rank. This gave them many opportunities of providing the commissioned ranks with the help of their religion. To what extent the officers availed themselves of this help I was not able to ascertain with great accuracy. Many of them, without doubt, were very good, but they were not all as fervent Christians as the great Commander-in-Chief.

On the five or ten thousand men in his Division the chaplain could have little individual influence. Of course, the mere fact of a priest in his cassock appearing among the men from time to time was in itself a good thing. It showed that the importance of the Catholic religion was still recognized, even by the Government. The visit of the chaplain to the trenches, when it could be managed, created a good impression on the men. They knew that it was not any military necessity that brought him there, but his anxiety for the salvation of their souls.

Whenever any official celebration was held, *v.g.*, special Requiem Mass for the dead, services of Thanksgiving or Intercession, it was usually the military chaplain who officiated.

The chief business of the chaplain, however, was the work of organization. A capable chaplain knew how to find the zealous priests in the ranks and work through them on the other men. Thus arose little by little the system of *prêtres-brancardiers* or *aumôniers de bataillon*, by whom, I think, it is not too much to say, the bulk of the spiritual work was done during a great part of the war.

C.—*The Prêtres-Brancardiers.*

In the beginning, through a kindly desire to meet the wishes of the men, many officers placed among the stretcher-bearers attached to each battalion one or two priest-soldiers.

This gradually developed into a regular system, and little by little the pastoral duties of these priests took up more of their time. Roughly speaking, then, we may say that the *prêtres-brancardiers* were priest-soldiers who, by leave of their commanding officers, were exempt from a certain amount of ordinary military duty, in order that they might exercise their priestly functions among the men. The awkward point in their position was that the whole arrangement was unofficial. The *prêtres-brancardiers* were ordinary soldiers. The amount of liberty accorded to them depended on circumstances and on the good will of the officers. As a general rule the officers seem to have been very anxious to give these priests as much scope as possible. In many cases the *prêtres-brancardiers* were the more welcome both to officers and men, because they had voluntarily left "cushy jobs" behind the lines and come into the danger-zone in order to do their priestly work. In that case they were very often free from all military duty, and could give all their attention to their unofficial work as chaplains. Of course in no case did they get any higher pay than that given to the other soldiers.

As far as I could gather from the conversation of my friends, the work of the *prêtres-brancardiers* was much the same as that of chaplains in the British Army. They gave the men abundant opportunity of hearing Mass and approaching the Sacraments. Of course the work of letting the men know the hour and place of Mass fell on the priest himself, as well as that of encouraging and persuading them to be present. The official machinery of the army did not help these priests as it did the chaplains in the British Army. When the battalions were resting behind the lines, the *prêtres-brancardiers* used to organize more elaborate services. They often got together a choir and were able to have *Missa Cantata* and Benediction, they had week-night prayers and instruction. Living among the men, on the same footing as the rest, they could have chats on religious subjects of a far more intimate character than an official chaplain could ever have. I was surprised to learn that, on the whole, the *prêtres-brancardiers* had not to endure any petty persecution or scoffing at religion. On the contrary, the men treated them, not only with friendliness, but with respect. The *tu* and *toi* of familiar intercourse were replaced by the respectful *vous* when the *prêtre-brancardier* was addressed. He was greeted, not as *camarade* or *copain*, but as *Monsieur l'aumônier*. Abbé

H—— assured me that, though there were many fierce anti-Catholics in his battalion, yet only once was he treated with disrespect. That time was one evening of July 14th, when some of the men had refreshed themselves rather generously in honour of the National Holiday. In his drunken ardour, one of the party, for the first and last time, tried to make the priest and his religion the object of scurrilous abuse. Not one of his companions, however, would back him up; they slunk away and left the priest expostulating with their comrade. The next day the man himself came to l'Abbé H—— and most humbly begged his pardon, protesting that, if he had been in his sober senses, to insult the *aumônier* is the last thing he would have wished to do. I daresay that, in this particular case, a great deal of the respect may have been due to esteem for the personal character of the gallant Abbé H——; but I am assured that, as a general rule, the same feeling was shown to the other *prêtres-brancardiers* in the French army.

IV.

CONCLUSION.

The fact that the French priests bled and died by the side of their countrymen during the war seems, according to my informants, to have done good to the cause of religion. The intimate contact between the priest and the people killed a great deal of prejudice on both sides. Again, thousands of the men who received the Sacraments from their priest comrades would otherwise have died without this help. These facts do not, however, justify the conscription of the clergy. The accidental popularity won by the priest-soldier is no argument for turning Christ's apostles from savers of souls into butchers of bodies. As to the spiritual good done by the priest-soldiers, we must remember that to do that work the more efficiently the soldier became more and more the priest. The *prêtre-brancardier* was an angel of peace and not war.

Apart from the question of numbers, I was anxious to know whether my friends thought that a chaplain could do more good when holding officer's rank or when living with the men as an ordinary soldier. Many things, I was told, had to be taken into consideration. The *prêtre-brancardier* gained in influence with the men by being of their own rank; but that very fact might have great disadvantages, if the priest, instead of raising the tone of those around him, allowed himself to be drawn down to their level. Besides, the fact of

his being, in a military sense, inferior to the officers, would diminish the priest's liberty in the exercise of his functions, lower his status, and, of course, greatly hinder his pastoral duties towards the officers themselves. A private soldier would not find it very easy to lecture his colonel for missing Mass. Some of my friends thought that for the French army the ideal thing would have been to let the *prêtre-brancardier* live, as he did, with the men, but to give him official recognition as chaplain, to relieve him of all military duty and to allow him to wear clerical dress instead of the soldier's uniform. Thus he would have been able to speak to the men as one of themselves, sharing their hardships, yet in his dealings with the officers he would have been the priest not the soldier.

I do not pretend that the information given me by my friends is accurate on every point for every part of the French army, nor that their views are those of all the French clergy. They could tell me only what they had seen themselves, the conclusions they had drawn. However, as there were amongst them *aumôniers militaires*, *prêtres-brancardiers*, and soldiers of different ranks, who had seen many parts of France, Belgium, Salonika and the German prisons, I think their testimony and their opinions may be taken as fairly representative. What they told me, and what I saw with my own eyes, convinced me of one thing: that there is far more Catholic life in France than we, who judge her by her public acts, are apt to believe. How it is that so many generous, even fervent, Catholics exercise so little influence on the public life of their country, remains a puzzle that no French Catholic, priest or layman, has ever been able to solve for me.

JOHN DAWSON, S.M.

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A VINDICATION OF JACOPONE DA TODI¹

MISS EVELYN UNDERHILL has already published two important books dealing with mysticism; in these it was obvious that her attention had been arrested, even fascinated, by the personality of Jacopone, one of the greatest of the sons of St. Francis. She has now brought out a large volume entirely devoted to this thirteenth century mystic: *A Spiritual Biography of Jacopone da Todi*.

In the course of her introduction Miss Underhill remarks that, if we are to understand what the career of St. Francis "meant to Catholic Christians of that time and place, we must try to see it, not with the admiring and sophisticated eyes of the twentieth century, but with the simpler and more religious vision of the thirteenth."

This, naturally, is true of Jacopone as of Francis; but it is possible to go further and maintain that no one, however intellectual, learned and sympathetic (and Miss Underhill is all this), can understand the spiritual life of a Catholic mystic, without being a member of the old faith. It is not a question of the simpler and more religious vision of the thirteenth or any other century; it is a question of actualities. The Church of Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever; therefore the Catholic student of Jacopone believes exactly what Jacopone believed, is supported by the same sacraments, is "fed with the same spiritual food, drinks the same spiritual drink."

No Catholic can read a chapter of this work without becoming aware that Miss Underhill has not grasped the Catholic point of view.

She regards the Purgative, Illuminative and Unitive Ways as three sharply-defined and independent states, each attained by certain spiritual exercises and distinguished by certain virtues which become outworn, even positively harmful, as the soul mounts to a higher degree of sanctity. These being her preconceived theories, it is not surprising to find that she endeavours to mould the character of Jacopone to suit them. To follow the course of her arguments, it is necessary

¹ In criticism of "Jacopone da Todi: a Spiritual Biography." By Evelyn Underhill. London: Dent and Sons. Pp. xi. 521. Price, 16s. net.

to review the principal events of his life, since, as Miss Underhill justly says, it is impossible to divide his writings from his experiences.

Jacopo was born of a wealthy family of Todi in Umbria, about the year 1228. Clever, obstinate, passionate in all he did, he bent his considerable powers to the furtherance of his ambition. Being nimble of mind and ready of tongue, he succeeded so well in his chosen career of jurisprudence that while still quite young he was publicly honoured with the title of Doctor of Law. He enjoyed the mental tourneys of the Bar, its arts and subtleties. Every year he won fresh successes, gained more wealth, lived in greater luxury. "He grasped with both hands," wrote a Franciscan biographer, "at the good things of this earth."

Just how much Jacopo also grasped of the evil things of this earth is not very easy to gather. It is possible that the dark picture of his early life given by the poems of his penitential years was an exaggerated one, but he certainly seems to have been of the world worldly; one of those gorgeous pagans so often met with in mediæval Italy.

He was in his thirty-ninth year and at the height of his prosperity when he married Madonna Vanna, daughter of Messer Bernardino di Guidone dei Conti di Coldimezzo. She is described almost in the same words by all who write of her: "Of noble birth, she was endowed with many virtues and especially in a very rare degree with the love of God."

Jacopo brought to his marriage the intensity of feeling which characterized all his actions. He loved his bride as a part of his triumphant self; he swept her with him into his gaieties, pleasures and glories. She, fearful of alienating her husband by too rigid a piety, went sweetly with him wherever he bade, clad in the splendid robes of a great lady of the time.

After a year of happiness came the catastrophe. On a certain day in 1268 the citizens of Todi assembled to hold festival; some say it was at a wedding, others say for a tournament or mummary. In the midst of the rejoicings the collapse of a platform or balcony precipitated many of the merry-makers to destruction. Among those who fell was Madonna Vanna. It was Ser Jacopo himself who drew her from under the fallen beams where she lay in the agony of death. The story goes, that when he tried to loosen her

clothes, she, who was beyond speech, gently put his hands aside, and with a gesture of exquisite reserve, drew her robe closely about her. Catching her up, he carried her back to their own house, and there, alone with her, in the last moments of her ebbing life, he discovered at length her soul's secret. "Then," says a chronicler, "he laid bare her bosom, and behold, under her rich clothing he found a rough hair shirt." She never spoke another word on earth, but passed from him, serene, mysterious to the end, bearing to the Judgment Seat who knows what heroic penance folded away in her heart.

Her purpose was accomplished, for Jacopo had understood; it was for his sins that his wife had chastised her own pure body. Henceforth he took his penance on himself. He broke with the world in that hour.

The trend of modern higher criticism is to deny whenever possible, but it is difficult to see upon what grounds Miss Underhill doubts this story, for it has been accepted as authentic by many eminent critics, and the actions of Jacopo are quite in keeping with all that is known of his character. Nevertheless, though she always refers to the circumstances of his wife's sudden death with some discrediting qualification, she has a sentence about his conversion which is both lovely and true: "Now his temporal life lay in ruins about him; but through the rents in its wall, eternal life was suddenly disclosed, grave and compelling as a sky of stars."

Jacopo then provided in the sight of men and angels the spectacle of one of those marvellous conversions which illumine the history of the Middle Ages. He abandoned his profession and laid aside his honours in the city. He distributed his goods among the poor, he wore only the coarsest homespun, and girt himself with the cord of the third order of St. Francis. As the realization of his sins pressed upon him more and more, he redoubled his penances. Daily he might be seen prostrate upon the pavement in the churches, praying with open lamentation. As he walked through the byeways of Todi, groaning in the bitterness of his spirit, the tears poured down his cheeks. He rejoiced in the jeers of the populace. His new ambition, as absorbing as had been his dead desire for wealth and honour, was now to become utterly a fool for Christ's sake.

Perhaps he came of a race of tall and massive build, since his family were known as the Benedettoni, or Big Benedicts;

anyhow, the people of Todi, laughing to scorn the noble turned beggar, dubbed him henceforth Big James; Jacopone. And his relations, hearing the name of Jacopone bandied in derision from mouth to mouth, were very wroth that one of their house should bring them such dishonour. But the Tertiary welcomed upbraidings, and becoming more unmeasured in his penances, he outstripped the most naïve of the disciples of St. Francis in his passion for obloquy. But all this was not merely an example of holy folly, *santa pazzia*; he was a fisher of men, and his extravagance was often intended as a bait. Thus his appearance at his niece's marriage feast, tarred and feathered, with a bridle on his head, was designed to rivet the attention of the wedding guests to his subsequent sermon on the vanity of human joys.

Many thought him mad, but he was not, except in the sense of his own poem:

*Senno mi par e cortesia
Impazzar per lo bello Messia.*

For the next ten years Jacopone lived as a wandering minstrel of Christ. He not only preached in the streets of the towns and villages of Umbria, he sang and declaimed his own versified sermons; some, strange, terrible little dialogues between himself and the mouldering corpse in its grave, between a living questioner and the spirit of a nun in Hell; others, exquisite, fragrant mystery poems where the soul holds converse with our Lord and our Lady. The whilom learned lawyer tuned his tongue to the simplicity of the people, yet always the mind informing the verse remained vivid, powerful, intensely original. His art is not unlike that of some Gothic cathedral; where the heavenward spring of the splendid arch will break suddenly into foliage, half revealing here an unexpected hideous gargoyle, there a tender, faintly-smiling angel.

In 1278, Jacopone, thirsting for greater perfection, became a professed Franciscan in the friary of San Fortunato at Todi. He continued his sacred minstrelsy, he redoubled his austerities, he learnt the most difficult of all mortifications, the mortification of the will.

Here he would have ended his days in peace, but for an unexpected turn of events.

Pier da Morrone, the saintly hermit, was raised to the Papal

throne in 1294, as Celestine V. Jacopone greeted him with a characteristic poem; austere, zealous, admonitory:

What wilt thou do, Pier da Morrone? Thou art come to the hour of thy sifting. Now we shall see the work wrought in thy cell of contemplation. If the world is deceived in thee, malediction will fall upon thee. High hath mounted thy reputation; wide hath it spread in many places. If thou dost stain it at the end, it will be a scandal to the elect. . . . Unto God is our appeal, if thou dost not evenly hold the scales. Great was the fear of my heart for thee, when out of thy mouth came forth: I will!

*Grande ho auto en te cordoglio
Co te uscio de bocca: voglio!*

Like many another ardent spirit of the time, he had high hopes of a renewal of the Church's antique fervour under the rule of this ascetic Pope. Almost immediately after the hermit's accession, Jacopone, with two other friars, waited upon him at Naples, to obtain authorization for the stricter or more "Spiritual" observance of the Franciscan rule, which had been the passion of the poet's religious life. It was no doubt on business connected with this revival of the primitive spirit of the Order, which Celestine, too, had very greatly at heart, that Jacopone passed from Naples to Rome; and there the political storm swept him irresistibly, fatally, into its orbit.

Celestine abdicated. It is difficult nowadays to appreciate how great was the blow to the idealists of that time. While Dante's thunder was directed against the hermit for what he deemed the cowardice of his great refusal, against him who "*fece per viltà il gran rifiuto*," Jacopone preserves unbroken silence towards one whom he venerated as a saint. He turned all his wrath upon Cardinal Caetani, who, after using every means to bring about the abdication of Celestine, succeeded him upon the Papal throne as Boniface VIII. The Franciscan was of those who held that no Pope has the power to lay down his own honours, and that therefore the election of a successor could have no validity in his lifetime. With characteristic impetuosity, but in perfect good faith, Jacopone joined the greatest enemies of Boniface, the powerful Colonnas; he is one of the signatories, indeed, of the famous document which that family promulgated, accusing the Caetan Pope of usurpation. He was in Palestrina while the Colonna

bands were defending that marvellous ancient fortress town against the papal troops, and when the place fell into the hands of the incensed Pontiff, Jacopone was among those excluded from pardon. He was excommunicated, laden with heavy chains, and thrust into the dungeon of Palestrina; a noisome vault through which the castle sewer ran.

Che farai, Fra Jacopone?—se venuto al paragone . . .

he writes in his prison, addressing himself with a twist of satiric humour, in the very words of his apostrophe to Celestine. "What wilt thou do, Brother Jacopone? Thou art come to the hour of thy sifting." But after an account of the horrors of his captivity, described in his own inimitably caustic way, his verse rises to true Franciscan splendour of resignation. "I am armed with the shield of self-hatred, none may be wounded, who bears that shield. . . . I am used to Sorrow; Penance is laid upon me, lo! for thirty years I have loved penance."

O, mirabel odio mio,—d'omne pena hai signorio, nullo recepi ingiurio,—vergogna t'è esaltazione.

He languished for five years in this dungeon, bearing his sufferings all the while with the same heroic fortitude, imploring only one thing from God in Heaven and His Vicar on earth; his restoration to the Communion of the Church. The death of Celestine in 1296 had ratified the position of Boniface in Jacopone's eyes, and like Dante, he revered the Sacred Keys in the hand of his enemy, however he may have continued a political opposition. But the Pope, in spite of Jacopone's versified epistles of appeal, was obdurate. There is a legend that Boniface, stooping one day to the keyhole of the dungeon-door, asked him, tauntingly, "When comest thou forth, Jacopone?" The friar, who had already, it is said, a reputation for prophecy, replied: "When thou interest in!"

The bondage of Boniface, so swiftly followed by his death, was indeed the signal for the Franciscan's release. The saintly Benedict XI. absolved him and set him free.

Jacopone had only three years more to live. He passed them in great sanctity and in the highest degree of contemplation in divers convents of his Order, and died at Collazone in 1306, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. The fragrance of legend and miracle surround his death. He who

had so loved the Crib, who had composed such exquisite hymns in praise of the Virgin Mother and the Divine Boy, the *dolce Garzoncello*, the "Eternal Life bound up in swaddling clothes," passed out of this world on Christmas night, just as the Gloria was intoned at the Midnight Mass. He refused to receive the last Sacraments from any of his brethren, declaring he would be administered only by John della Verna, his close friend, one of the early glories of the Order, who was now, like himself, declining into extreme old age. John della Verna was far away, and time pressed, so that the friars who tended Jacopone were scandalized and troubled, and began to upbraid him. But lo! Father John, having been warned by a revelation, was presently seen approaching in haste. Then, having received the Viaticum from his beloved hands, Jacopone, God's minstrel, the *sacro giullare*, gathering his failing strength, lifted up his eyes and hands and sang a new canticle, his last improvization:

*Jesù, nostra fidanza
Del cor somma speranza.*

Singing he gave his soul to God. It was long related of him that he had died of love.

This is the man whose spiritual biography Miss Underhill has undertaken to set forth, and of him she conceives an image that no Catholic can accept.

In an earlier work she has crystallized an idea which permeates the whole of this book.¹ Mortification, the first step in the Purgative Way, is, according to her, "only a means to the production of a definite kind of efficiency, a definite kind of vitality: like its physical parallel, the exercises of the gymnasium, once this efficiency, this vitality is produced, mortification ends: often with startling abruptness." And again, she affirms that "when . . . the new life has triumphed, mortification is at an end. The mystics always know when this moment comes. An inner voice warns them to lay their active penances aside."

And to prove her theory she quotes the case of B. Suso, who was commanded by a celestial voice to cease the use of his terrible instruments of discipline and devote all his efforts to the subduing of the will; and that of St. Catherine of Genoa, from whose mind the crushing sense of sin and pas-

¹ "The Mystic Way." By Evelyn Underhill.

sionate anxiety for corporal austerities was wiped away in one instant of heavenly consolation. There are, of course, certain intemperate mortifications, unhallowed by authority, which must necessarily be abandoned by a soul seeking perfection; such would be harmful at all stages of the spiritual life, and possibly the cases of Blessed Suso and St. Catherine might be included in that category. Be that as it may, it is false and dangerous to infer from two instances of individuals, who under a special inspiration of Divine Providence, suddenly laid aside their extreme bodily penances, that mortification should be at an end with the passage of the purgative way. As a matter of fact, for two saints who were vouchsafed this unusual guidance, how many might one not name who practised the greatest austerities amid the raptures of the unitive way?

Miss Underhill's simile of the gymnasium will not hold good, even in its earthly sense. He would be a rash athlete, who, through complacency in his own strength, should cease to refrain himself from all things, should no longer chastise his body and bring it into subjection. Such an one would run a great risk of losing his prize, be it a corruptible or an incorruptible crown. No athlete can afford to go out of training while the power of achievement remains; when age or infirmity sap his strength he must relax his efforts indeed; but that is failure and decline, not the state of attained efficiency that Miss Underhill refers to.

She remarks, apparently in connection with contemplation only, that "the strange Pauline claim to a share in his Master's wounds would be specially dear to a Franciscan mystic of Jacopone's type." One would feel inclined to ask, why does she call it strange, and why specially Pauline? To the Catholic it is simple; and we know that when the great Apostle said: "I am crucified with Christ," he voiced the whole teaching of Christianity. It is curious that she has not grasped that this "strange claim" is the underlying force of mortification, since penance is not only a means to attain a special kind of spiritual efficiency; it is also a voluntary union with the sufferings of our Redeemer. Wonderful as it may seem, it is the privilege of the Faithful to fill up what was wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in their flesh for His Body which is the Church; that is to say, we may actually co-operate in the work of redemption, as did Simon of Cyrene when he helped to carry the Cross. Looked at from this point

of view, mortification can only end at the hour of death; then only may the soul cry out with her Divine Lord: "*Consummatum est.*"

No doubt by perseverance in a religious life temptations may fade away, and what was at first terribly austere and difficult may become sweet and easy, so that some of God's chosen can say with Jacopone:

*La guerra e terminata
de la virtù battaglia
de la mente travaglia
cosa nulla contende.*

"The war is at an end. No strife is there in the battle of the virtues, in the travail of the mind."

These words may mean that the soul has emerged from the purgative way, but no Catholic could regard them, as does Miss Underhill, as an indication of the abandonment of mortification.

It is when Miss Underhill treats of Jacopone's later life, when he was drawn to high contemplation, that she shows her widest divergence from the Catholic view.

Mysticism is a gift which cannot be attained by any effort of man, however saintly he be; no amount of spiritual training, no mental "exercises of the gymnasium" can earn it. God gives it, and as He sees fit, He withdraws it; the wind bloweth where it listeth. The mystic state is not of itself, as Miss Underhill postulates, a stabilized condition in which a man becomes forever immune from temptation and sorrow. It is difficult to see how such a theory can be tenable by any student of Catholic teaching, remembering how St. Paul, who had been rapt into the seventh heaven and heard words not given to man to utter, was afterwards afflicted with a sting of the flesh, an angel of Satan to buffet him, lest the greatness of the revelation should exalt him.

Feo Belcari records how Jacopone once said that in the state of achievement the tears of the soul are dried. He referred, of course, to the ineffable consolations of contemplation; just as at another time he said: "The greatest blessedness a soul may have in this life is when she is continually occupied with God." But, curiously, Miss Underhill finds in this sufficient grounds for doubting a characteristic story reported by the same biographer: "For many years before his death," writes Belcari, "Jacopone did not cease to weep;

and when he was asked wherefore he wept, he replied: 'I weep because Love is not loved.'" "The extreme emotionalism here described," comments Miss Underhill, "seems incompatible with those profound contemplations which we know Jacopone practised in his last years. The gift of tears belonged to an earlier stage." How strange a misconception! Who can set a limit to the gift of tears? One might as well try to weigh and measure love. What, on the contrary, is more natural than that the aged friar, after contemplating in ecstasy the Primal Love, the Uncreated Light, should be moved to grief at the sight of the world's sinfulness, and should break into the lamentation familiar to the Church in all ages: "O, Love, thou art not loved! O would that thou wert loved!"

Part of the misconception springs from the attempt to frame hard and fast laws for the realm of the soul. The saints have all differed in their manifestations of holiness, as star differs from star in glory; some have died in an irradiation of joy, others, such as St. Catherine of Siena, endured in their last hours an agony of dereliction. But Miss Underhill's gravest error, from the Catholic standpoint, arises from her extraordinary theory that Jacopone was what she calls "half neo-platonist and half Franciscan." By dint of eliminating what she considers incompatible with profound contemplation, she leans more and more heavily towards her neo-platonic bias, until in the end she presents to her readers an image of Jacopone which is scarcely even that of a Christian. It is from the doctrine of Plotinus that she draws her idea of the permanence of the ecstasy of the Unitive Way. "Once a philosopher saint has attained to it," declared the pagan teacher, "he becomes confirmed, so to speak, in grace. Henceforth for ever he is a spiritual being, a man of God, a prophet." And this philosophy leads her into deeper and more painful errors.

One is amazed to discover that she believes Jacopone to have abandoned his devotion to the Person of Christ when he was granted the mystic gift; that consideration of the Incarnation and Death of our Lord was henceforth banished from his mind, because "the rapturous intercourse with Christ his love, the Franciscan self-identification with the Passion, the sweet meditations before the crib, all . . . belonged to the world of image." This becomes her dominant idea, recurring through many pages, until in the end she leaves Jaco-

pone frankly a neo-platonist and nothing else. His contemplations lifted him, she affirms, "beyond all the conceptions of an anthropomorphic theology to the immediate apprehension of the unconditioned and absolute One who is for neo-platonists the sum and term of Reality."

Miss Underhill has obviously no notion of the scope of this argument, so abhorrent to the Catholic; for throughout her book she insists, and rightly, upon Jacopone's perfect orthodoxy, not realizing how utterly impossible it is for a Catholic contemplative to cease to be Eucharistic, to become less "Christo-centric," as she expresses it. One might as well say that a man should cease to breathe and yet live. When Jacopone was caught up into the glory of the Infinite, drowned, to use his own expression, in the abyss of the Divinity, what was the object of his contemplation? Was it not the beauty of the Eternal Son, upon the Bosom of His Father, in the radiance of the Holy Ghost? How, then, can Miss Underhill imagine that because he was vouchsafed such high revelation of the Majesty of the Godhead, he would thereafter put aside, as a thing outgrown, his worship of that Majesty made man? To a Catholic student such a statement seems a blasphemy, but it is plain Miss Underhill does not intend it in this way. It is only that she has not understood what it means to us of the true faith.

There is no evidence in Jacopone's writings, search them as you will, from end to end, that could give the faintest support to this conception. The very arguments which she brings forward seem to emphasize the falseness of her conclusion. In the effort to establish her theory she is obliged to re-arrange the accepted chronological order of the poems. The *Stabat Mater*, traditionally ascribed to Jacopone's last years, is more likely, she affirms, to be a work of middle life, "when thoughts of the Passion certainly engrossed him." Her classification of the *Laude* is falsified more than once; as when, for example, she infers that two of them must necessarily date from the same period of mental development because both have a Eucharistic tendency.

Her staple argument, moreover, is based upon a mis-reading of one of Jacopone's late works: *Sopr' onne lengua amore*. There is a tradition that he composed it in answer to the questions of certain of the friars who were troubled at the diversity of ways in which he had striven to portray his apprehensions of the Divine Nature. In it he wished to make

plain to his simpler brethren his new-formed conviction that he was wrong in seeking to express the Infinite through his finite intelligence.

"Love above every tongue, Goodness above image, Light out of all measure, triumphs in my heart. I thought to have known thee by mine intelligence, to have tasted thee by my love, to have seen thee by a similitude. Believing that I grasped thee in all thy perfections, I knew the delight of a measureless love. Now, methinks, I err, thou art not what I deemed. I held thee indeed, but not in thy flawless truth. O Light inconceivable, who can describe thee, for thou hast set thy dwelling in the dimness of the dark? He who thinks to behold thee, he who dares to measure thee, is not led by thy light."

These words, according to Miss Underhill, prove that Jacopone, having at last attained to the true understanding of God, cast aside what she considers the grosser forms of his earlier religion. To the Catholic it is patent that he was but endeavouring through many verses to expound what Dante proclaimed in a single splendid line:

Trasumanar significar per verba non si porria.

It is indeed the same thought which inspired one of Jacopone's loveliest poems, where he treats of: "Love pure and clean, Love wise and jocund, Love high and deep, Love bountiful and courteous." "O babbling tongue," he cries, "how dost thou dare to speak of this high state? . . . If all the angelic tongues of those in the great choir were to speak of these things, they, even they would halt and stammer."

Happily Miss Underhill has not succeeded, even in her own pages, in making good her case, and the bright spirit of Jacopone emerges from her cloud of theories, undimmed in its primal truth. In spite of her arguments, we see him as he was; one of the shining group of early Franciscan mystics. He was indeed the spiritual son of John della Verna, the passionate lover of Christ, of whom it is written that being in an ecstasy he was taught of God, and heard secrets too profound for human utterance, and that coming to himself, he preached "Jesus the Blessed who is the Way, the Truth and the Life of the soul."

He is the true type of the Catholic contemplative. And such a one was Jacopone.

MARIE-LOUISE EGERTON CASTLE.

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER

THE sun was slanting across the lawn as Novice Paula came off duty in one of the men's wards and looked about her. The hospital was hot and smelled always of strange things that made you think of the chemistry room at school. What a long time ago that was! It was, in fact, quite another story, and Paula kept her mind from it as much as possible. She came to the great doors that stood open all day long and looked out. Behind her, out of sight round the building, rolled cornfields, swelling up to the blue hazy hills in the distance. On her right was the municipal cemetery with its little gate from the Convent garden; she glanced towards it, resting her eyes on the fine Calvary hedged round with flowering shrubs, and upon the campanile standing apart from the chapel. Opposite her were the iron gates leading into the street past the lodge. She could see the sun-flecked pavement and the hurrying passers-by, made indistinct by the trees and the scroll-work of the gate. As she watched, a tram-car passed, a carrier's motor and a baker's cart followed. She knew the town well. Paula glanced at all these things; then she turned to where the garden stretched away to her left. Convalescent children were picking daisies on the lawn, getting mightily in the way of Sister Mary Rose's lawn-mower. Novice Paula strolled along the grass to see what was going on. A child ran up to the lawn-mower to save in haste a threatened daisy of peculiar charms. "It's got some red on it," she said, and continued with a squeal, "oo,—there's a buttercup!" as, to the nun's annoyed surprise, there was.

"See, Sister," went on the child, "I'll give them to the poor soldier."

"He will like them," said the garden-Sister, holding out a piece of bast, "tie them up with this. But you mustn't speak of him like that."

"Why?" asked the child.

"No one would like to be called 'poor'; and every soldier has a name."

"I know his," said the child, nettled at the implied accusation of ignorance, "and he's going home to-morrow. Does he want to go home?"

Sister waived this point, and the little girl hurried off with her offering of recognition of bravery. So the next moment the soldier, sitting under the Ribston pippin at the edge of the orchard, heard a scurrying of feet and felt something hurl itself against his knee. He put out a hand uncertainly.

"Hullo," he said, inquiringly.

With tact extraordinary for her years, the child put the flowers into his hand. "Put your fingers on them," she said, leaning against his knee, "and then if you smell them, you'll know what they are."

The soldier smiled. "Put my big book down," he said. But the heavy Braille volume needed manœuvring, and Novice Paula came to the rescue. The little girl watched the proceedings gravely; she was of the mind that can use persons, things and places as they come along. The only person of whom she ever stood in awe was the Reverend Mother. The big book having been removed, she climbed to the soldier's knee and thrust the bunch of daisies beneath his nostrils.

"Now you know," she exclaimed, triumphantly. The Colonial sniffed appreciatively; he was a long way from home, where he had little sisters of his own, and everything in the Convent was comforting and friendly. Which was why he had applied for a few days' leave to be spent here, where he had been a military patient, before starting on his journey.

"Have you any daisies at home?" asked the little girl.

The blind man threw back his head and laughed. "We grow them in pots sometimes, but we haven't them all over the grass as you have."

The Novice laughed. "They're only over the grass by accident," she said. "Sister Mary Rose is short of help this year and the weeds have overtaken her."

The child, having with difficulty put the posy into the soldier's extremely new buttonhole, slipped to the ground to propound another question.

"Are you going home to-morrow?" she asked.

"I'm going to start," he said, and his voice sounded a little doleful.

"I should like you to stay here," said the little girl, in the tone of one who generally needs only to ask. "It is a pity you cannot stay here always."

The soldier laughed again. "But you will not always be here," he said.

This was a poser, and she considered it. "I live near here," she said, firmly. "I only came here because I was ill,—and it is very nice," she added, politely, remembering the Novice. "And if you lived here I could come and see you; Nurse will almost always let me go where I like." I do think," went on the child, following out her own thoughts, "St. Dunstan might have made your eyes better."

The soldier, who happened to be a Presbyterian, smiled whimsically.

"Perhaps," suggested the Novice, "he wasn't asked."

The soldier hastened to change the subject. "I am going back to work when I get home," he said. "I'm going to be a lawyer,—do you know what that is?"

"Of course I do; Dad's a lawyer, and Mother says it takes up a great deal of his time. I don't think it's very nice. You'd much better stop here and grub up daisies. I'll show you how to do it if you'll let me pick the flowers first."

Her attention was distracted. "There's Sister Mary Grace," she cried suddenly, "she's going to ring the Angelus; oh, I must go and help her," and she was off like the wind.

The Novice paused for a minute after the bell had ceased; then she took up the book and laid it on his knee.

"May I look?" she asked; "it looks very difficult."

The soldier brightened at the admission; he was not much more than a boy, and he had not yet become used to things. "I used to think it was perfectly rotten," he said. "At first it's such a grind, with no sense in it; but when you get to pukka Braille you're all right. It's like typewriting; you get speed by practice."

Sister Paula looked critically at the page of the *New Arabian Nights*. "Was it invented by a Catholic?" she asked. "It's like the Rosary!"

"Or like bullets," he said, "you can see it was invented by a soldier."

She turned to the house, when a little figure came demurely from a side-door, holding something very carefully in her hands.

"I'm going to bed," she said, struggling between excitement and responsibility. "Reverend Mother said I was to say 'Good-bye' to you now, because you are going so early to-morrow. And," she added, "I've brought you this, because I haven't any money here and I can't buy a present for

you. Dad got this last time he went to Scotland, and I know he'd like you to have it,—it is my very own."

She put a little cardboard box into his palm and, opening it, laid the contents beside it. "It's a piece of white heather," she said, wistfully, "and it is good to have." She put up her lips as a matter of course to kiss his cheek, and the next moment he heard the sound of footsteps disappearing over the grass.

When a man has made up his mind, this is sometimes the signal for his luck to change. So was it now. He was an interesting case to the army oculists while in hospital at Rouen; he was an interesting case to the surgeons in England; and he had squared the shoulders of his soul to go home, though this was a process that required a good deal of making up his mind. It was agreed that, as far as experience could teach, there was no chance of the return of sight, and that the loss was due to damaged nerves. The voyage home was supposed to complete his convalescence, and, as his father wrote, they must all make the best of a bad look-out. He got on well on board; it was a passenger-ship, and, by a fluke, he was the only soldier on it. Hence, he found himself, in the new clothes provided by a paternal Government, a centre of attraction to the adventurous civilians who, from one cause or another, risked a path beset by submarines. It was to him a pleasant journey; he wrote laborious letters with a hyper-sharpened pencil and a writing-frame, the result being moderately legible to his correspondents, among whom was the Reverend Mother at the hospital. Some of the passengers watched him do this; they asked questions, endlessly, about St. Dunstan's:—"Did they really play football?"—which he answered with Scottish sense and exactness. The officers of the ship treated him, he felt with gratitude, as a man and a brother. He remembered his own sensations in similar circumstances, and how he and another had once discussed the subject and had agreed that they would "go out" rather than face the thing out. Anyway, he was going west now in a different sense altogether.

One night he lay sleeping as he used to do before the flame of war singed the earth,—blank, blissful sleep without a dream or sensation. Suddenly he was broad awake; something cold surged round him, choking, suffocating, flinging him this way

and that. He realized that he had been awakened first by a mighty sound and a blow on the head. He struggled to the deck, where there were orders to be obeyed, but where he acted as a man utterly dazed and mystified. Somebody put him into a boat; somebody looked after him; somebody made him comfortable in a warm bunk when they reached one of the vessels that answered their S.O.S. Somebody ministered to him and turned out his sodden pockets, keeping his little possessions safe. At last he came feebly to himself, raised himself on his elbow and stared round the cabin.

It was some days before he was vouchsafed explanations, which were given to him by the ship's surgeon. "I can't claim any credit for it," said that kindly person. "I only wish I could. Such cases are not unknown, and I shall send a paper to the *Journal* about yours. You really are rather interesting. From what you tell me your sight disappeared in a big shock, and another big shock has restored it. We can't experiment much on those lines," he added, wistfully.

The patient sorted over the little bag of things from which he had not parted since leaving England. He picked up his silver cigarette case, and, opening it, showed the doctor its only contents. "That's the reason," he said, smiling whimsically; "that's my luck, a piece of white heather."

He wrote to the child's mother and told her all about it; the handwriting was almost like his old style and she did not recognize it on the envelope. She shook her head and smiled as she folded up the letter, and when she told her little daughter she added an explanation of her own.

J. PARSON.

SOME PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF MYSTICISM

THE ABSENCE OF CADAVERIC RIGIDITY.

WHEN writing not long since in these pages upon the "Odour of Sanctity," I remarked that olfactory phenomena similar to those I had described do not seem to have been of such frequent occurrence in quite modern times. Since then, however, information has come to hand which suggests that this was too hastily said. A friend whom I have known for many years, and of whose trustworthiness I have every reason to feel assured, was able to tell me of a curious example within her own experience which occurred here in London some fifteen years ago. She was living at that time with an invalid aunt, a person of remarkable though hidden sanctity, who had been almost all her life a sufferer from a complication of bodily infirmities. When the end came, her soul passed away about midnight, but so peacefully, that the exact moment of death could hardly be discerned. My informant and the nurse remained in the room for a couple of hours or more, and then at last, satisfied that all was over, went downstairs to get a little refreshment, returning to the death chamber after an interval of half an hour or so. On opening the door they were at once conscious of an extraordinary and all-pervading perfume which they could identify with nothing earthly. There were no flowers or any odoriferous substance in the room which could in any way account for it. This fragrance was noticed by all who entered, and it continued to be perceptible for the best part of the ensuing day. I asked my friend whether any other exceptional circumstance remained in her memory in connection with that occasion. She at first said No, but when I inquired whether she had noticed how long it was before rigor set in, she at once recalled the fact that there had never been any perceptible stiffening of the limbs. So much so, she added, that we could not feel quite satisfied that my aunt was really dead until, after an interval of more than twenty-four hours, we got the doctor to come again, and he assured us that there could be no doubt about it.

I do not, of course, quote this case as strictly evidential. Its interest lies in its resemblance to cases better attested, and also in the fact that information regarding another similarly recent example has reached me privately, but through channels too remote for satisfactory investigation. Turning, however, now to the absence of *rigor mortis* which, as in the above instance, is often associated with the fragrance of holiness, I may call attention, in the first place, to the case of Sister Maria della Passione, a nun of Southern Italy, who died in 1912 at the age of 46, and who has already been mentioned more than once in the course of this series of articles. It was about 7.40 in the morning of Saturday, July the 27th, that she breathed her last, and somewhat later in the day her remains were conveyed in a shallow, open coffin to the convent chapel, where they were visited by crowds of devout persons anxious to show their veneration for the deceased. Her biographer tells us:

As the body of Sister Maria della Passione had remained perfectly flexible, as though it had been that of a living person, the pious visitors, men as well as women, took her hands, raised them up and kissed them with affection and veneration. Invalids who were suffering from some bodily infirmity pressed the hands to their breast or their throat, or to the place where they felt pain, exclaiming: "How beautiful she is! She looks like an angel. She is truly a vessel of election."¹

There can be no need to insist upon the fact that it would be impossible to move the hands of a normal corpse in this way eight or nine hours after death. Hearing that it had been determined to leave the body above ground for three days, the doctor came to lodge an indignant protest, but on examining the condition of things for himself he withdrew all opposition.

Notwithstanding the fact [her biographer continues] that it was the hottest season of the year (*i.e.*, July 27, 28 and 29), that the scene was in Southern Italy, in a tiny church, and with a great concourse of people, the body remained throughout perfectly flexible, and although it was pulled about by the constant handling of those who stood close to it, to the astonishment of all, it remained without a trace of corruption and without giving off the least unpleasant odour; on the contrary it was remarked that the face became more and more beautiful and the features more clear-cut (*profilato*).²

¹ L. Fontana, *Vita della Serva di Dio, Suor Maria della Passione*, p. 352.

² L. Fontana, *Vita della Serva di Dio, Suor Maria della Passione*, 1917, p. 353.

This continued to the end, and, indeed, it seems that the holy nun herself had predicted it.¹ It may fairly be counted a point in favour of the truthfulness of this record that in this case there is no mention of any preternatural fragrance. Of the two phenomena the odour of sanctity seems to be of more common occurrence than the absence of rigor, perhaps because the former forces itself upon the attention of all present, while the latter may easily pass unperceived. If the whole story were merely the fabrication of an unscrupulous panegyrist, there would be no reason why he should not also claim for his heroine the privilege of perfumed emanations, which, as we shall see, play so prominent a part in many similar descriptions of older date. But before turning to any of these we may notice one or two other examples of cadaveric flexibility which apparently were unaccompanied by any perceptible fragrance.

Mother Margaret Hallahan, Foundress of the English Dominican Congregation of St. Catherine of Siena, died at Stone a few minutes after midnight on the morning of Monday, May 11, 1868. The body was conveyed to the chapter-room early in the morning. Her devoted friend, biographer and successor in office, Mother Frances Raphael (Drane), writes of this as follows:

During Monday and Tuesday, the body remained in the chapter-room; every member remained flexible, and the countenance lost all appearance of suffering or emaciation, and assumed a beauty which rather increased than diminished as the hours went by. The expression was that of extraordinary majesty and strength, but mingled with childlike sweetness and serenity.²

The body was transferred to the church on the Tuesday evening, and was not removed until the time of interment after the Solemn Requiem on Thursday. The people of the vicinity pressed up to look upon the remains of the holy nun and to touch them with their pictures and rosaries. "The features," says Mother Drane, "remained unchanged in their singular beauty and the hands were still perfectly flexible."³ It may fairly be assumed that if the writer here speaks only of the hands, this was because the body had now been laid in the coffin, albeit still uncovered, and any further experiments with the other limbs would have seemed unbecoming

¹ It is stated that a short time before she passed away Sister Maria said: "il mio corpo dopo la morte non dovrà corrompersi." *Ibid.*, p. 355.

² *Life of Mother Margaret Hallahan* (1869), p. 544.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 543.

and uncalled for. No one who knows anything of the character or the writings of Mother Drane will be disposed to think lightly of the testimony thus given to facts of which she had been the eye-witness.

Not less conscientious and exact is the biography of Mother Maria Gertrude Salandri of Valentano. She died in 1748 at the age of 58. The body, we are told, became quite supple; there was an extraordinary beauty in the face and colour in the cheeks, though her sufferings and exhaustion during the previous six weeks had been extreme. In particular, it is stated that 36 hours after death the Sub-prioress, without any effort, took the hand of the dead nun as she lay on a bier, before she was finally placed in her coffin, and raising it aloft, gave a last blessing with it to the assembled nuns who had venerated her as their mother.¹ Again, we read of Sister Marie de Saint-Pierre, a Carmelite nun of Tours, who died in July, 1848, that her limbs, though they had been stiff and immovable during her illness, became, after death, as supple and flexible as those of a child, and the same is also told of another nun who was prioress of the same convent, and who went to her reward in 1863.² In the case of this manifestation, unlike that of the stigmata, there seems to be no inequality between the sexes. Of Brother Crispino da Viterbo, for example, a Capuchin lay-Brother, who died at Rome in 1750 of gangrenous necrosis, it is stated that owing to the nature of the disease it had been decided to bury him at once, within a few hours after death. But, as his biographer tells us:

Hardly had the corpse been laid out, when, as all could see for themselves, an incredibly surprising change took place in every part of the body. The blotches, the wounds, the unhealthy pallor and the other signs of the gangrene all disappeared at once; the flesh of the limbs became healthy, supple and white like that of a child; the knees unbent to their full extent, the hands and feet, which were before contracted and knotted, straightened out and became pliable like those of a man in health. In fact, the body was completely transformed, and as all present perceived, it was not only changed in appearance, but also flexible and comely in a degree which excited general attention and astonishment.³

¹ *Vita della V. Madre Maria Gertrude Salandri*, Rome, 1774, pp. 362—363.

² *Vie de la Sœur Marie de Saint-Pierre*, Tours, 1879, pp. 299 and 377.

³ *Vita del B. Crispino da Viterbo*, Rome, 1806, p. 129.

It is also stated that when the body was exhumed, six days after death, the same flexibility and complete absence of corruption were still observable.¹ Yet another case was that of the Italian Carmelite, Angiolo Paoli († 1720). Witnesses in the process of Beatification attested on oath that for the two days that the body was left exposed to view after death, there was no trace of cadaveric rigidity. The flesh remained soft, fresh-looking and everywhere elastic.² Still more satisfactory is the evidence in the case of the holy priest, Andrew Hubert Fournet, the Founder of the religious congregation of the Sœurs de St. André. He died in the diocese of Poitiers on May 13, 1834, and I happen to have access, in this instance, to the printed *Positio super Introductione Causæ*. In the *Summarium* annexed, three of the nuns who gave evidence deposed to the fact that when the body lay exposed after death, they were employed in taking the rosaries and other pious objects given them by visitors in order to touch the body with them. They testified to its perfect flexibility, and declared that there was not the least sign of corruption observable during the four days which elapsed before interment. One of them in particular specifies: "When touching the body with these objects I bent the fingers, the wrist and also the elbow of the servant of God, and in each case I found that the joint was perfectly supple."³

And this perhaps may be a suitable place to say a few words upon the physiological aspect of the question of cadaveric rigidity. So far as I can discover from various standard handbooks of medical jurisprudence, English, French, German, Spanish and Italian, which I have been able to consult, no one of them seems to recognize the possibility that in any human corpse *rigor mortis* may never set in at all. Considerable variation has been observed in the time after death at which it makes its appearance, and also in the duration of this condition of rigidity. Speaking presumably with reference to the conditions which usually obtain in Great Britain, Professor Glaisher states:

On the average, stiffening will probably have begun in the neck and jaw and face about 5 or 6 hours after death, will be definitely present in the upper part of the body in 10 hours,

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 131.

² P. T. Cacciari, *Vita del P. Angiolo Paoli* (Rome, 1766), p. 109.

³ See, *Processus Beatificationis A. H. Fournet, Summarium*, num 29, §§ 35, 42, 11, &c.

and will be present over all the body between 12 to 18 hours; and it will in all likelihood, have passed off in the bulk of cases by the end of 36 hours.¹

The same high authority goes on to say that *rigor* has been delayed as long as 16 hours, and has been present as long as 21 days, though these of course represent very extreme cases. Further, he states that in all exhausting diseases of long or short duration, cadaveric rigidity shows itself early and passes off quickly, and in the same conditions putrefaction also commences early.² It would appear at the same time that all estimates such as those just quoted are somewhat tentative and uncertain. A German authority states that the stiffening (*Leichenstarre*) usually lasts three times twenty-four hours;³ another of more recent date, without committing himself to a precise estimate of the duration of the *rigor*, declares that in the majority of cases it becomes complete within 5 or 6 hours of death, and only disappears to give place to putrefaction.⁴ A standard Italian authority, no doubt basing his estimate upon the conditions prevailing in a more southern climate, states that *rigor* generally begins from two to three hours after death, and only disappears between 36 and 48 hours after life is extinct.⁵ But, as already noticed, amid all these variations, one nowhere finds any suggestion that cadaveric rigidity is ever entirely absent. Indeed, the work which is generally considered the primary English authority on the subject, definitely pronounces that "the physiological data previously stated . . . have shown that this period of *rigor mortis* is absolutely certain to arrive sooner or later."⁶

In view of this very positive declaration the numerous cases occurring in our hagiographical records, in which no signs of cadaveric rigidity seem to have been discernible, offer, to put it at its lowest, an extremely curious problem. It may, of course, be objected that the instances already described, or the others which we still have to consider, are only examples in which *rigor* has set in extremely late or has disappeared exceptionally early. Still, a little consideration will suffice to show that this suggestion does not provide a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Apart from some rather uncertain

¹ J. Glaisher, *Text-Book of Medical Jurisprudence*, Third Edition, 1915, p. 149.

² *Ibid.*, p. 150.

³ C. Emmert, *Lehrbuch der gerichtlichen Medizin* (1900), p. 75.

⁴ E. Harnack, *Die gerichtliche Medizin* (1914), p. 271.

⁵ Madia, *Compendio di Medicina legale*, Eighth Edit., 1914, p. 74.

⁶ Taylor and Smith, *Medical Jurisprudence* (Edition 1910), Vol. I. pp. 272-273.

data derived from suicides, who asphyxiated themselves with Carbon Dioxide (Carbonic Acid gas), where we are told that the bodies sometimes remained for two or three days at the Paris *Morgue* without *rigor* setting in,¹ the best English authorities, such as Glaisher, and Taylor and Smith, assign 16 hours, or at most 24 hours, as the extreme limit of delay. Now in nearly all the cases of flexibility considered here we have explicit testimony that the limbs, and more particularly the hands and arms, had not stiffened, though one, two or three days had passed since the moment of death. It must be remembered that the members of a religious community are quite familiar with the ordinary physical phenomena of death. They do not employ extern nurses or servants to perform the last offices for the mortal remains of deceased members of the Order. Consequently, there is no likelihood that a slight, or even a considerable, delay in the normal time of the appearance of *rigor* would be proclaimed as anything supernatural. It is perhaps more easily conceivable that nuns or other religious might not be aware that the rigidity of a corpse is only temporary, and that it passes off after a certain interval, but as a rule, it only passes off to give place to putrefaction, and in practically all the cases with which we are dealing the absence of any signs of approaching corruption is insisted upon just as strongly as the flexibility of the limbs. Moreover, in the vast majority of cases our evidence shows that the hands and arms of the deceased were perfectly supple just at that time, *i.e.*, between the 18th and 36th hour after death, when the normal dead body is *always* held fast by *rigor*. A particularly clear example of this may be found in the case of St. Leonard of Port Maurice. He died at Rome shortly before midnight on November 26, 1751, at the age of 74. In order to avoid the tumult and disorder which often occurred when those who died in repute of sanctity were exposed in the church, the populace were never admitted to visit the remains, but the body was laid in the tomb during the early hours of November 28th. Shortly before it was lowered into its place of sepulture, and consequently about 24 hours or more after death, a juridical examination took place at which were present the Father Provincial, a notary, a number of religious and Mgr. Giovardi. A formal instrument was drawn up and sealed which stated that the body was then flexible in every

¹ I borrow this from a Spanish text-book, Yanez, *Elementos de Medicina legal y Toxicologia*, Madrid, 1884, but I have not found mention of these cases elsewhere.

part as if still living. This document was produced with others in the process of Beatification.¹

The cases we have so far considered involve nothing but the simple absence of *rigor*, but, as already insinuated, this phenomenon is frequently associated with other manifestations. Perhaps no more remarkable example can be cited than the occurrences which attended the death of St. Lewis Bertrand, the great Dominican missionary, which took place at Valencia on October 9, 1581. With regard to the absence of *rigor* we have apparently two distinct attestations, one concerning the time when the sacred remains were removed to the sacristy after the indiscreet devotion of the relic hunters in the church had exceeded all bounds, the other describing the condition of the body immediately before it was finally consigned to the tomb. The first of these occasions must have been not less than two, or more than six or seven, hours after the Saint breathed his last. Regarding this, Father Wilberforce says: "at this time the limbs were perfectly flexible, the flesh feeling as if alive although without warmth."² The examination of the remains before their final interment took place about 36 hours after death. Of the second inspection we are told that "the body was found unchanged, the flesh white as alabaster, the face shining with a peculiar and attractive beauty while the limbs were perfectly flexible."³

As already stated, the absence of *rigor* in the case of St. Lewis Bertrand was rendered specially remarkable from the number of other phenomena, apparently well attested, with which it was associated. For example, "at the moment in which his soul departed, a brilliant light flashed from his mouth, illuminating the whole cell with its splendour," this lasted "for about the length of time that is needed to recite a Hail Mary." Further, "a perfume of astounding sweetness . . . came from his dead body," and "heavenly music was heard by many in the church where the body was awaiting burial."⁴ This fact seems to have been made the subject of careful investigation, but it is also admitted that the harmony was not perceptible to all, and this seems also to have been the case with the effulgence which many witnesses ob-

¹ G. M. da Masserano, *Vita del B. Leonardo da Porto Maurizio*, Rome, 1796, p. 131.

² Wilberforce, *Life of St. Lewis Bertrand*, (1882), p. 402.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 409.

⁴ Wilberforce, *ibid.*, pp. 393-396, where details are given.

served with astonishment in the hands and other uncovered portions of the body as it lay exposed in the church."¹

In the case of the Jesuit, St. Peter Claver, "the Apostle of the Negroes," who died at Cartagena, in South America, about 2 a.m. on September 8, 1654, we have a similar combination of marvels. The flexibility of the body was conclusively demonstrated by the fact that while it lay exposed in the church, ten or twelve hours after death, the position of the hands and arms was altered for the greater convenience of those who came to venerate the remains. Instead of the hands clasping a chalice as had at first been arranged, the chalice was removed, the arms were crossed and the hands allowed to hang down on either side in a position which allowed the people to kiss them. But they were not content with this. Those who were afflicted with various infirmities, with sore eyes, with aching heads, with ulcers in the arms or breast, lifted up the hand of the dead man, and moved it to touch the part affected.² It may fairly be counted as further proof of the abnormal character, to say the least, of this flexibility, that witnesses deposed to the marvellous fragrance observable in the hands and feet and to the copious perspiration which bedewed the whole surface of the body. This same phenomenon is recorded of a number of other persons who died similarly in the odour of sanctity, for example, in the case of Blessed Gaspar de Bono, of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, and of St. Paschal Baylon. Blessed Gaspar de Bono, whose death occurred at Valencia in Spain on July 14, 1604, remained three days unburied, venerated in the extreme heat of summer by an unending stream of devotees, who filled the church and all its approaches. During all this time the body remained fragrant, supple and bedewed with a mysterious moisture. On the second day, some thirty-six hours after death, we have record of two miraculous cures worked by placing the hand of the corpse upon the injured limbs of suppliants present beside the bier.³

Still better attested (by a number of witnesses whose depositions are very fully given in the Process of Beatification),⁴ is the case of St. Benedict Joseph Labre. He breathed his

¹ Father Wilberforce (403) summarises the evidence given by several of the witnesses regarding this last detail.

² See J. M. Solà, *Vida de San Pedro Claver*, Barcelona, 1888, pp. 438 and 447.

³ P. A. Miloni, *Vita del B. Gasparo de Bono*, Rome, 1790, pp. 122, 123, 126, 150.

⁴ There is a copy of the greater part of the Process in the British Museum Library.

last in Rome on the evening of April 16, 1783.¹ When we read of the perspiration which bedewed the brow as often as it was wiped away, of the perfect suppleness of the limbs, of the warmth which in four days never entirely gave place to the chill of death, of the hand automatically clutching a bench and supporting the weight of the body, it is difficult to believe that the Saint was really dead; and yet the surgeon, Valenti, opened a vein, and medical opinion seemed to be entirely satisfied that life was extinct. The case is not a little perplexing, but it seems certain that no trace could be perceived of the action of either heart or lungs. A trickle of blood came when the vein was opened.

A similar difficulty might be raised in the instance of St. Paschal Baylon. Here also there was an extraordinary moisture bedewing the brow and an absolute flexibility of the limbs maintained during the three days the body was exposed. The eyes remained bright and unclouded, and it was easy to draw back the eyelids. The crowd of visitors was never weary of trying the experiment in order to look into the depths of those wonderful orbs.²

But the number of cases in which no trace of *rigor* could be discovered is far too great to enumerate and discuss one by one, and this fact, as it seems to me, forms the best answer to the suggestion that these holy men and women were not really dead. That a mistake could have been made in one or two isolated instances is conceivable, but the idea of a whole series of blunders, or the supposition that holy people were peculiarly liable to pass into a comatose state without any perceptible sign of life (cataleptic rigidity *ex hypothesi* being also excluded) must surely be rejected.³ The same religious men and women who gave evidence of the passing away of these chosen souls and of the condition of their mortal remains while awaiting sepulture, are also those who were most likely to be familiar with the phenomena of trance or ecstasy. To take a striking example, I may quote the case of the nun, Veronica Laparelli, who died at Cortona in 1620. She often

¹ The details may conveniently be found in Desnoyers, *Benoît Joseph Labre*, Lille, 1857, vol. i. pp. 449-477.

² See the *Acta Sanctorum*, May, IV., pp. 75, 76; and de Porrentruy, *The Saint of the Eucharist* (Eng. Trans. 1908), pp. 166-178.

³ At the same time I should not venture to say that this can never have happened. From the process of Francis Camacho of Lima in Peru († 1698) we learn that the body remained perfectly flexible until a vein was opened about 24 hours after apparent death. Blood gushed out in abundance but soon after, signs of putrefaction began to be discernible and the body was hastily buried.

fell into ecstasies, which were sometimes continued for as much as 60 hours, or even longer. About five hours after death the body was opened and the viscera removed. One of the surgeons who performed this operation gave evidence upon oath in the Process of Beatification. He declared that there was no cadaveric rigidity at all, that the flesh remained supple without any trace of unpleasant odour and that the eyes were as beautiful and bright as if she were not dead. The removal of the heart and viscera in this case completely disposes of the hypothesis that life was not extinct. None the less, when visitors were admitted some hours after this operation to offer their tribute of respect to the deceased, we learn that the eyes were still so bright that the nuns kept raising the eyelids to look at them. The whole face, as one of them stated, was smiling (*pareva che ridesse*). Moreover, to quote another nun witness:

The body, and particularly the hands and the face, never stiffened, although the weather was bitterly cold; and this I know because we put upon the fingers rings which were handed to us by the crowd who came there out of devotion, and the rings could be slipped on to her fingers and taken off again without difficulty. This I know because I saw it.¹

Again we have very conclusive evidence of the absence of rigidity in the account given of the scenes which followed upon the death of S. Felix of Cantalice in May, 1587. He expired on the Monday afternoon. The body, when washed and laid out some hours later, was quite supple. When exposed in the church on the Tuesday the devotion of the people tore away almost all the habit in which the Saint was clothed, and a new habit had to be provided. It was noticed that not the least difficulty was found in dressing the body again, indeed, as the infirmarian declared, there was far less difficulty in dressing him now, owing to the perfect flexibility of the limbs, than there had been when he was lying ill before the final release came.²

Perhaps the most interesting class of case, in which the absence of rigidity has been observed, is that which is concerned with the exudation and incorruption of the blood. But the present article threatens to exceed its proper limits, and these blood phenomena may very well claim an article to themselves.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Veronica Laparelli, *Summarium super Virtutibus*, pp. 242-243, and cf. p. 240.

² *Acta Sanctorum*, May, Vol. IV, pp. 227, 228, 244, 276.

POPULAR RETREATS SINCE 1912

I. RETREATS FOR MEN.

THE story of popular retreats up to the year 1912 has already been told.¹ What remains to be said falls into three periods: first, the years before the war, when the movement witnessed an extraordinary development; secondly, the years of the war when it was very severely hit, but managed, nevertheless, to break some new ground; and thirdly, the present post-war period, which promises an abundant harvest.²

(i.) *Before the War.*

In the spring of 1912 the first retreat was given at the Campion Retreat House, Osterley, to twenty men, mostly from London. Under the guidance of Father John Luck, S.J., the opening season was a most successful one. A series of three day retreats at the week-ends made a very powerful impression upon those who were privileged to attend them. And these men, Father Luck tells us, were from all classes. "Dockers, unskilled labourers, mechanics, clerks, business men, journalists, professional men. They have got on splendidly together, and this mingling of various classes has been a useful experience. . . . Solid work is done. As each week-end retreat of three days closes, and the men take their departure, there is always the same experience. They express their pleasure at having come. They speak of coming again next year and bringing others. . . . And letters they write to the Father Director show that the impression is no passing one. . . . There is the same evidence in letters from priests who know them, or zealous Catholic friends who have persuaded them to try the retreat."

Meanwhile the pioneer house of retreats for men in Cheshire (now Oakwood Hall, Romiley) had been developing very satisfactorily. The number of men who made retreats there in 1912 was 489; in 1913 the number grew to 530.

¹ See *Retreats for the People*. By Charles Plater, S.J. Sands and Co. 5s. net.

² The following notes do not claim to be complete: they only deal with a few retreat centres known to the writer. Information about others would be gratefully welcomed by him.

In June, 1913, measures were taken to bring the benefits of these retreats within reach of the Catholic men of Northumberland and Durham. Whinney House, Low Fell, Gateshead, a substantial stone mansion, built by the Joicey family sixty years ago, was opened as a retreat house by the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle in July, and dedicated to St. Bede. Retreats were given there every week till the end of October, when the total of retreatants reached 240. The number of men who attended these retreats in 1914 was nearly 400. The undoubted success of these retreats was largely due to the zeal of Father Dinley, S.J., the first Superior, who spared no pains in making them known to the men of the neighbouring parishes.

It was my good fortune to be present at the opening of this retreat house, and during two months, to give eight successive retreats there, to say nothing of twenty-five lectures and sermons in the district. It was then that I formed many friendships with the men of Tyneside, which I have been able to renew every year since. Here are some impressions recorded during this first visit:

There is no trouble in getting to Whinney House. A penny car from Gateshead station passes the East Lodge. There is a long winding drive. The great stone house could hold forty men. At present there is only room for twenty. The billiard room makes a good chapel. The view from the great square tower is superb. As for the grounds, they are one of the sights of the North of England. Though only twenty acres in extent, they give the impression of much greater size, so skilfully have they been laid out. They were planned by Hancock, the famous landscape gardener, who has contrived a number of his famous "surprise views"—sudden vistas opening out between clumps of trees, stretches of lawn sloping away among masses of rhododendrons, banks of foliage framing perfect pictures of Ravensworth Park and Castle across the valley. There is a great palm-house with shapely palms and giant ferns twenty feet high, eucalyptus springing up along the walls with its silvery leaves as of hammered metal, and green cataracts of honeysuckle pouring from the glass roof. . . . There are garden walks and winding alleys which it takes three days to explore. . . . Running round two sides of the estate is an astonishingly beautiful dene, spanned by rustic bridges and lined with ferns and trees: just the place for a pipe and a book on a hot day. . . .

The men who come to make the retreats are just diamonds. There are shipyard men from Newcastle and Hebburn and Jar-

row and South Shields, miners from Blackhill and Blaydon and Leadgate, there are clerks and shopkeepers, school teachers and business men, professional men and men of leisure. They are all fine men, true men, but the miners are the truest men alive. You will find them coming fasting off night-shift to daily Mass and Communion. You will find them clean of tongue and pure of heart and strong of faith. They are intelligent, warm-hearted and devoted to their religion.

In the summer of 1913 about a score of Catholic laymen made a retreat together at Oscott College, near Birmingham. Upon its conclusion they formed themselves into a committee to organize similar retreats in future years. In the spring of 1914 this committee was considerably enlarged, Mr. F. Ratcliffe, K.S.S., becoming chairman, and Mr. Pierce Lacy, K.C.S.G., treasurer, while Mr. A. Killeen continued as hon. secretary. A number of meetings were held at the Bishop's house and the clergy were circularized. His Grace the Archbishop took the warmest interest in the scheme throughout.

Two retreats were held at Oscott in July, 1914, and were attended by 84 men. Applications poured in, and four more retreats were arranged in August and September at the Convent, Wheelley's Road, Birmingham. These were followed by 133 men. Five retreats for boys were also held before the end of the year.

I shall never forget the six retreats for men held at Oscott and Birmingham in 1914. At Oscott, we had some of the leading business and professional men of Birmingham, besides clerks, shopkeepers and manual workers. There was a professor and a gardener, an artist and a footman, an architect and a Nonconformist clergyman. The last-named was the only non-Catholic present. The men caught the spirit of the place. The great cloisters and solemn chapel impressed them. Newman's great sermon on "The Second Spring," to which that chapel once echoed, was read to them in the refectory, and its optimism seemed to bring the conversion of England nearer. All became convinced that to the growth of these popular retreats we must mainly look for the spiritual regeneration of the country. What the retreat had done for them it would do for others. It was a new view of life and religion that these 84 men took away with them.

"Father, it has been a second spring for me," said one elderly man on leaving. And another wrote to me after-

wards: "When I was at school I went through the retreat. This time the retreat went through me."

The "overflow" retreats at the convent were fixed up at very short notice. The house had been used for some time as a retreat house for women and children, and the nuns readily took up the suggestion that they should provide for the men who were clamouring for retreats. It was thought that the house could accommodate about 25 men. These retreats were to last only for the week-end, as they were intended mainly for working men who could seldom spare a longer time.

On the first Saturday 31 men arrived, 25 of whom were from Chasetown. In the following week, when war had been declared, there were 26: more had applied, but some had already joined up. For the third retreat we actually fitted 40 men into the house. Some had turned up at the last moment, unannounced and from a distance, and expressed their readiness to sleep in the coal-hole if necessary. These would take no refusal and were fitted in somehow. For the fourth retreat there were 36.

The war, as has been remarked, broke out right in the middle of this series of retreats. The business men who came to Oscott for the second retreat, arrived looking very anxious and worried. It was impressed upon them that worry would simply ruin their retreat and unfit them to face whatever the future might bring. So they banished all anxious thoughts and set themselves to the work in hand. When they emerged from the retreat they found the outside world in chaos: but they had ceased to look anxious and worried.

(ii.) *During the War.*

It was during the war that one of the most important retreat houses for men was actually launched. It had long been felt that it was desirable to have a retreat house near Glasgow, which has such an enormous Catholic population, and a house (Rochsoles, Airdrie) was opened in June, 1915. Retreats were held there up to November, 1916, by which time about 400 men had made retreats. Although this house was roomy and the grounds beautifully wooded, the situation was bad, it being two miles from the railway station, about 600 feet above sea level and with a climate cold and wet.

A very much more suitable house (Craighead, Bothwell) was opened in the New Year holidays of 1916. The house

itself is a well-built modern house, standing in 60 acres of beautifully-wooded grounds, and overlooking the Clyde. The situation is everything that could be desired, standing in the heart of industrial Lanarkshire, and within easy reach either by rail or tram. Upwards of a thousand men made retreats in each of the first three years; this number could easily have been doubled but for the lack of room. Retreats are held every week-end to the end of the year. The retreats from Saturday to Monday are for parishes, but owing to the lack of accommodation, only one parish can be dealt with at a time. Holiday retreats from Friday to Tuesday are for all, that is, not confined to any particular parish. The number of retreats made here would be far greater if only accommodation could be found, and in order to cope with the many applications received, an appeal is being made for funds to build a wing of twenty bedrooms.

The Birmingham retreats, which started just before the outbreak of war, carried on in gallant fashion. In 1915, five retreats at the Convent to 120 lads were followed by two retreats at Oscott to 73 men, and eight more retreats at the Convent to about 200 men.

In 1916, in spite of the growing pressure of the war, 40 men followed the retreat at Oscott, while at the Convent three retreats were given to 71 men and four retreats to 104 youths.

In 1917, the Oscott retreat, given by Father Bernard Vaughan, attracted 42 men; at the Convent were three retreats to 35 men and four retreats to 106 boys.

Thus, in four years, retreats at Birmingham had been given to about 1,100 men and boys.

In 1918, the worst year of the war, the men's retreats fell through. Of their revival after the war we shall speak presently.

At some of the other retreat houses the interruption of war was more sudden. Oakwood Hall, Cheshire, was lent, in the autumn of 1914, to the exiled Belgian Jesuits, and Whinney House, Gateshead, became a Red Cross Hospital, where 9,000 wounded soldiers were tended during the war. Retreats at Oakwood Hall were, indeed, resumed in August, 1915, under Father George Pollen, S.J., but with diminished numbers. The figures for the years 1915 to 1918 are respectively 134, 279, 311, 311.

The Superior at Osterley, Father John Luck, S.J., was

appointed a Military Chaplain in 1915, and under his successor, Father Edmund Lester, S.J., though 12 retreats were given to soldiers from Epsom in 1916, and others to working-men and elementary school-boys, the activities of the house were mainly directed to furthering those excellent works, the "Knights of the Blessed Sacrament" and "Our Lady's Young Priests."

These retreats for soldiers, however, were followed by others at Begbroke and Oxford during the remainder of the war.¹ But if the retreats for men withered in war-time, the retreats for boys took on a fresh growth. Such retreats became all the more important, owing to the increased emancipation of youths from parental control, which resulted from the absence of their fathers in the army and their own increased importance as wage-earners.

One of the pioneers of retreats for boys has been Mrs. Philip Gibbs, who, with the encouragement of Cardinal Bourne, has organized them with astonishing success at her own house in North London. The first retreat was given there in October, 1915, by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., and was followed by a series of others. Some of these retreats last for one day only: an arrangement which enables many more boys to come than could otherwise do so, but which makes the "Retreat Communion" (to which so much importance is rightly attached) impossible. But week-end retreats are held monthly for boys who have left school up to 20 years of age. The boys come chiefly from the East End parishes. There are also retreats for aspirants to the priesthood, and many vocations have resulted.

Another centre for boys' retreats, Corpus Christi House, Haverstock Hill, was opened in December, 1916. In the following two years, week-end retreats were made by 459 boys, classified under various headings, *e.g.*, boys about to leave school, boys who have left school, boys in Protestant schools, K.B.S., Scouts, etc. The retreats were organized by the Dominican tertiaries, who had already been conducting them with success at Leicester. One of the Leicester retreats is thus described:

We called a meeting of young men and explained a retreat to them. They formed themselves into a retreat committee and organized everything themselves. At their first meeting the name

¹ See *Retreats for Soldiers in War Time and After*. By Chas. Plater, S.J., and C. C. Martindale, S.J. Harding and More, London. 2s. 6d. net.

of Father Bede Jarrett was mentioned, and the Superior of the house was asked to enquire the least number of lads for whose retreat he would be willing to come to Leicester. He won them at once by sending a postcard, "My minimum is *one*." The question of demanding a part of the offering at the time of accepting any name was raised, and the expense to which the house would be put was discussed with much frankness. The Tertiary on the committee probably looked nearly as uncomfortable as she felt, for to her amusement one of the lads turned to her and said, "See here, Sister, you go out and leave us to settle this question among ourselves." They did. Their whole organisation, discipline, dormitories, finance, everything, was absolutely successful. The plan can be strongly recommended to a nervous organiser.

(iii.) *After the War.*

It necessarily took some time for the retreat houses to get into working order again after the general upset, and for those who before the war had been accustomed to make an annual retreat to pick up the habit again. All things considered, the recovery has been rapid, and the year 1919 has shown excellent results.

Oakwood Hall, the pioneer retreat house for men, has surpassed all pre-war records. In 1919 no less than 564 men made retreats there. Among them we find certain distinctive groups. Four retreats were for Knights of the Blessed Sacrament, one for Tertiaries of St. Francis, one for Catenians, one for schoolboys. Thirty-nine priests made retreats at Oakwood Hall during the year. There were, as usual, some vocations: three at least to the priesthood, two to the Xaverian Brothers.

Whinney House, too, cleared of its wounded soldiers, started work again at Easter, 1919. Before the end of the year it had given retreats to some 600 men; this at least, is a provisional estimate. Accurate figures are not available at the time of writing. Father Dinley, S.J., the first Superior of the house, returned from the navy full of energy to restart the work he had founded. On his appointment as Rector of St. Aloysius' College, Glasgow, in the summer, he was succeeded by Father John Luck, S.J., who, as we have seen, started the house at Osterley.

A visit to the Tyneside in January convinced me that the miners and shipyard men have not lost a scrap of their loyalty to Whinney House. They feel the truth of what one Tynesider wrote to me a few days ago:

In the calm of a retreat, listening to St. Ignatius's version of man's place in the universe, the lunacy of much of the cackle outside becomes apparent.

As for Birmingham, it has come into its own at last. The dear little poky house in Wheeley's Road, into which two score men would squeeze in 1914, hearing Mass on the stairs, dining in the passage, and falling over one another in the garden, was succeeded by a house in the Hagley Road. Better, but not yet *it*. Then came the discovery of an ideal house at Harborne, with a dozen acres of just the right sort of grounds. "Penryn," Somerset Road, is five minutes walk from Harborne Station, and about the same distance from the terminus of the Harborne 'bus to New Street. It is very spacious and imposing to look upon. The ceilings are very elaborate, and there is a great deal of gilding and carved stone-work which silences the talkative into a proper condition of hushed respect. The place is very quiet, and one might be miles from the turmoil of Birmingham. The working folk love the peace and quiet of it, and revel in its ample garden. The very rich could not disdain to dwell in its expensive magnificence; they might come to stare, but stop to pray. The oppressed middle classes, the "big nuts on small screws," will not find it beyond their means.

The retreats for women and children multiply apace at Penryn. Of these anon. We are here concerned with the retreats for men, which are poking up their heads again like crocuses in February. In 1919 we had three small groups, —a remnant of the Old Guard of pre-war days. They vowed to rally the rest for 1920, and they will do so. Mother St. Paul, at Wheeley's Road, will see to that. Already three retreats for men have been arranged there for March and four for August.

At Osterley, from the end of October, 1919, retreats have been given to individuals of all classes by Father W. Keary, S.J. Arrangements are to be made, we understand, to encourage these retreats and to provide more room for retreatants. It is certainly most desirable that London, with its huge Catholic population and its special need of such "doses of calm" as a retreat provides, should have every opportunity of getting away from itself.

These scrappy and incomplete notes (the writer will be glad to have them supplemented) may at all events serve

to turn the minds of our readers to a movement which is important beyond all words. These retreats supply, as nothing else can, the driving power which is wanted in all Catholic enterprises. They create apostles, generous and unselfish men, who are the very salt of a parish or a Catholic organization. Retreats are a complete cure for that spiritual numbness and moral fatigue, which so many experience, now that the strain of war has been lifted. They uplift and train the Catholic men who are needed now more than ever to proclaim the message of the Catholic Church to a stricken world.

We Catholics need much more solidarity. We are riddled with snobbishness and split up into cliques and coteries. Yet we ought to be taking the lead in healing the breaches of society, in dissipating the fumes of class hatred which threaten to poison the nation. Where can the meaning of the Communion of Saints and of our Oneness in the mystical Body of Christ be better learned than in a retreat where doctor and docker, miner and merchant, workman and employer, meet and, perhaps for the first time, understand one another.

C. PLATER.

FROM A HOSPITAL WARD

BY the first flush on Dawn's fair face,
God of Life's Morning, grant us grace.

By the lone star that gems the night,
Father of Lights, grant us Thy light.

By the sweet sunshine on the wall,
God of all Beauty, bless us all.

Some of us weary, lost, and cold,
God of all Courage, make us bold . . .

Love of all Love, Heart of all Pain,
So parched our hearts, so deep our stain—
Lover of Souls, be Thou our rain.

M. S. D.

THE DEMAND FOR NATIONALIZATION

IT will be remembered that the Coal Commission, which sat last summer, did not issue a unanimous report, but rather a series, representing the different interests which composed it. The majority, headed by Mr. Justice Sankey, the Chairman, were in favour of nationalization of the industry, but the alternative reports were sufficiently influential to leave the Government a free choice of policy. In the event they rejected the Chairman's report and set about framing a scheme, which proved unacceptable, based upon that of Sir Arthur Duckham. But the miners have not on that account given up their policy. And, as coal enters in one way or another into all industry, they have secured the sympathy and support of organized Labour as a whole. In September last, the Trades Union Congress passed an almost unanimous resolution in favour of nationalization, whilst refraining, at the same time, from accompanying it by a threat of "direct action." A few days later, the "Triple Alliance" more explicitly determined that "direct action" should be postponed, until constitutional methods had been tried. And finally, on December 9th, a Special Trades Union Congress resolved that during the winter a great educative campaign should be carried on by the Labour party to win popular support for their policy. According for the past few months this campaign has been in progress, although the public, which does not read the Labour papers nor see much about Labour aspirations in papers opposed to their fulfilment, has been largely unaware of it, and is consequently little more enlightened or persuaded. This we think a misfortune, for in a democracy it is public opinion that in the long run decides policy. It would be wholly undemocratic to expect the State to adopt a scheme, which might possibly be detrimental to the public welfare, without knowing its true character and bearing, and such knowledge is only to be obtained, short of actual experiment, by a full and frank discussion. Labour was accordingly very well advised in projecting its propaganda campaign, and we can only regret that it was so far unsuccessful that many people are yet unaware of what

nationalization of the coal industry means, and know still less of the practical details of the scheme.

In spite, however, of the uneducated state of public opinion, the miners' representatives in Parliament raised the question of nationalization on February 11th in the debate on the Address. This was in accordance with their time-programme, which includes a special Congress on March 10th, the day before the meeting of the Trades Union Congress, which is to decide what industrial or political action is to be taken by Labour, in the event of nationalization being rejected. The Prime Minister, ever sensitive to popular feeling, knew that in this case he was safe in defying the miners' challenge, although, having discussed the whole case with the Executive of their Federation a few weeks before, he presumably had weighed all the arguments in favour of it, and the Commons endorsed his action by a majority of 265 votes. Mr. Lloyd George based his opposition on two main grounds, first, that the proposal meant in effect syndicalism, *i.e.*, the handing over of the entire industry, which ultimately is the property of the nation, to the Miners' Federation, and secondly, the lack of popular support for it, the failure, so far, of the miners' propaganda. The first point is vehemently denied by the miners' representatives, who profess a somewhat incredible altruism in the matter. They are acting in the interests of the nation in urging a scheme which, they say, would cheapen coal enormously and thus remove one of the main causes of high prices. Their plan would prevent waste, make the fullest use of the coal available, cut out the hordes of middlemen who are battening on the industry, and withal, compensate the dispossessed landlords and coal owners.

No one at all familiar with the facts of this question or the literature about it, doubts that the existing system, with its 1,500 colliery companies and its 4,000 royalty owners, stands in need of drastic reformation in the national interest. The Sankey Commission at least established that. In denouncing syndicalism, the Premier said:

To hand over the complete control, ownership, and perhaps the control of the proprietary rights in this national asset, which is the life-blood of the industries of the nation, to one section of the community—a body which more than any other controls the Trade Congress, and will have a more powerful voice in any Labour Administration—if there be one in this country—would be a grave disaster to the national well-being.

In other words, he portended dire things from the possible conflict between public and private interests, a conflict always possible when private interests control a commodity necessary for the public well-being. But his argument obviously cuts both ways. The prosperity of this great industrial country depends largely on the cheapness of coal; the prosperity of the mine-owners, speaking generally, depends upon its dearness. The pre-war state of the coal industry, the miners might urge, was, in effect, a sort of syndicalism. That must never be allowed to return. Nor will it, for the Government are just as determined as the miners that it should not.

Why, then, have the Government rejected the miners' proposal which was implicitly a demand that the Sankey report should be officially adopted? Because, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out, the miners (he might have added, Labour generally, in so far as it is dominated by the Socialists) intend this policy of nationalization to be the first step towards the realization of the Socialist State. Socialism, the public ownership and control of all the material means of production, distribution and exchange is essentially unethical and impracticable, and it naturally excites the opposition of all who care for the Christian tradition and the principles of human welfare and progress. Enormous harm has thus been done to the cause of social reform by the misguided attempts of Socialists to correct abuse by abolishing use, to cure the boy of squinting, as Sam Weller hinted, by cutting off his head. The attempted application of unsound remedies to undoubted diseases has only served to perpetuate the latter, and Labour will never come into its own and recover its lost liberty and dignity until it learns to distinguish between the false and the true in social matters. Too long has it been induced by vociferous and voluble theorists to demand the abolition of the right of private property, a right the development and definition of which have marked the progress of the race from barbarism to civilization, instead of insisting upon its due regulation in the universal interest. And its outrageous demand has only strengthened the position of those who are equally extreme in their defence of this right, and do not recognize its relative and limited nature. Thus the actual political issue is, not as it should be, the reform of capitalism, which sadly needs reforming, but whether public shall replace private ownership, an issue which has no real relevance to current abuses. This the Prime Minister

shrewdly pointed out, and indeed the Labour Party makes no disguise of it. "The fight," says the *Daily Herald*,¹ "is about the whole system of society. Shall production be for public utility or private profit? On such an issue there can be no truce." This false antithesis runs through all the Socialist argument. It is assumed that private profit cannot be for public utility: that capitalism is essentially evil and incapable of being regulated. The Labour programme, as defined at the great Manchester Conference in January, 1917, includes the nationalization of railways and canals, of mines, of land and foodstuffs in towns, and demands the participation of all workers and employees in the management of this nationalized property. And now "Events in the Labour world" (we quote again from the *Daily Herald*)² "are shaping steadily in the direction of a determined assault on private ownership in the great basic industries. . . . It is not in respect of mines alone that the workers are looking forward to a revolution in ownership and management. Private ownership of the railways will also be the subject of a systematic attack in the near future."

With a large section of the community, well-organized and possessed of growing political power, in this temper, the outlook for civilization is serious. The demonstrable absurdity of the Socialist postulates and ideals is no guarantee that attempts will not be made to give them actuality, to the temporary destruction of civil stability and order, and it may be the permanent ruin of several generations. All the more imperative is it, then, that Capitalism should set its house in order and should show that its abuses are not inherent in its nature by the practical process of shedding them. If we are to meet the Socialist onslaught with success, we must do so with the support of sound ethical principles and practice. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word, expressed in the natural law, shall remain steadfast. On the principles that reason indicates and revelation confirms, on the practice that accords both with reason and revelation we must take our stand, and everything morally unsound and indefensible must be ruthlessly discarded. The attack is upon the entire system of capitalism. Every capitalist, therefore, that misuses his power, is a traitor to a cause, which rightly understood, is the cause of Christian civilization. The ills of society will be healed, not by the abolition, but by the diffu-

¹ Feb. 13.

² Feb. 22.

sion of capital, and the multiplication of capitalists. That is the aim set before us by the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII., the abolition of the proletariat, of the landless, propertyless multitudes of workers, altogether dependent on wages for their livelihood, and deprived, therefore, of one or other of those two great human blessings, liberty or security. So the crimes of capitalists are sins against this ideal, for power becomes odious when recklessly used, and wealth detestable if won by injustice.

We need not recall how terrible have been the outrages against humanity perpetrated throughout the ages in the pursuit of wealth. The callousness involved in estimating and using human beings as mere instruments for money-making must shock everyone who has a right conception of human personality. The institution of slavery is only an extreme instance of this inhuman callousness, but although the collective conscience of civilization is now sufficiently enlightened to denounce chattel slavery, it still tolerates, on the plea of business interests and trade necessities, innumerable forms of oppression of man by man. It is only lately that, even in theory, that axiom of justice—the first charge upon industrial wealth is the decent support of those that produce it—has been generally recognized. Yet—to say nothing of the constant teaching of the Catholic Church—J. S. Mill, a much lauded philosopher, stated over fifty years ago, an elementary truth when he said:

That the earth belongs first of all to the inhabitants of it: that every person alive ought to have subsistence before anyone has more: that whoever works at any useful thing ought to be properly fed and clothed before anyone able to work is allowed to receive the bread of idleness—these are moral axioms.¹

But these are moral axioms which do not appear in the creed of the Mammon worshipper, and the whole history of industry in every country and age unrulred by Christian principles, is one long record of injustice and inhumanity; so much so, that Devas, a calm and competent observer, can write: "As a fact, much of the wealth of the rich classes in modern Europe has been gathered together, and is kept up, by dreadful deeds of cruelty, extortion and fraud."² That record is in the mind of the worker to-day: so much has education done for him. But as his education has lacked the

¹ *Dissertations and Discussions*, Vol. II., p. 385 (1869).

² *Groundwork of Economics*, § 261.

elements of Christian philosophy he does not realize that these evils were due, not to the pursuit of wealth in itself—a natural and necessary human enterprise—but to the pursuit of wealth ungoverned by any moral considerations regarding its source, amount and employment. In so far, then, as modern owners of productive wealth neglect in their use of it all ethical rules and limitations, they are simply perpetuating the bad impression caused by the past iniquities of capitalism, and sowing the seeds of a violent upheaval of wrath against the whole institution of property.

The two chief crimes of capitalism, which have stirred and are stirring up such natural resentment, are—taking without any title wealth wholly produced by others, and claiming an excessive share of wealth produced jointly. These crimes are still rampant to-day, in spite of much State regulation and all the efforts of organized labour. It is still possible to be legally unjust, still possible for the predatory financier to make a profit by manipulation of existing wealth¹ without having contributed in any way to its production, still possible for the avaricious capitalist to exact an unreasonable return for his capital, to the detriment of worker and consumer alike. It is singular that, just at this crisis, when socialistic projects are being so warmly and widely advocated, and when, therefore, capital should be on its very best behaviour, a series of reports have been issued by various committees under the Profiteering Act, which seem to disclose that the injustice of making excessive profits on capital employed is being practised by many dealers in the necessities of life. With Tobacco and Drink profits we need not concern ourselves, for those commodities are in the main luxuries, or self-induced necessities, and the consumer can refuse to pay exorbitant prices without grave inconvenience. But profiteering in coal and shipping and petrol directly affects the price of food, and is therefore an exploitation of human needs, and the same may be said of profiteering in wool and cotton. On the face of things, the returns on capital which these revelations make known would seem to be exorbitant, thus victimizing the consumer, and to be very unequally divided, thus defrauding the worker, but we are not competent to decide the

¹ "It is well known that the bulk of the transactions that take place on the [London] stock exchange are of a speculative nature [*i.e.*, mere gambling], the *bona fide* business having been estimated by competent judges at a bare 5 per cent of the whole." G. Clare, *Money Market Primer*, p. 149 (1896).

fact or the measure of guilt in any particular case.¹ Our aim is to point out, first of all, the disastrous effect upon the public mind of all this apparent grinding of the faces of the poor, and secondly, the absence, in all the discussions to which it has given rise, of any reference to the moral principle which determines what is just and unjust in commerce.

As to the first effect, Labour extremists have naturally used these reports to point the moral of their contention, that production for private profit necessarily results in injustice, and to advocate their one remedy—nationalization. That was to be expected: the stick is handy and the dog at the moment defenceless. The *Daily Herald* (February 19th) hails the cotton report as follows: "The principle of Capitalism is here revealed as what it is—the principle of holding the public to ransom and getting the biggest price and the biggest profit possible"—thus ascribing to capitalism generally what is only true of a conscienceless and uncontrolled Trust. And on the strength of that fallacy it proceeded further to cloud the issues and impede reform by proposing that "the State should seize the whole of the property, goodwill and profits of the great profiteering concerns," with compensation "in cases of proven hardship" to the "poorer shareholders"—another version of "one law for the rich and another for the poor." But a more serious critic appeared the same day in *The Times*, not, where money is concerned, a revolutionary organ. In a leader headed "A Test Case," the writer, after shrewdly predicting the use to which papers like the *Daily Herald* would put the cotton report,¹ went on to say: "This is truly a test case, and it must be proved to the bottom. For Messrs. Coats represent the modern development of capital, which is the object of the most telling attacks. They have a virtual monopoly of the sewing-thread trade in this country, and can impose their own terms."

Consequently, unless the 16½ per cent. on capital, which the firm declares in 1919, after deduction of income-tax and excess profits duty, can be shown to be a reasonable return,

¹ It may be taken perhaps as an indication of conscious rectitude on the part of the great Paisley cotton firm that, almost simultaneously with the Report which declared that a reasonable profit might be made if the reel of cotton cost 6d. (instead of 7¼d.), they advanced the price to 10d.

² "And these angry people [the public] will lend a ready ear to the teaching that they are being robbed by a great trust, and that they will never have any redress so long as the system of private ownership is maintained. The social revolutionaries have never had a more powerful lever put into their hands at a more opportune moment and they will not fail to make the most of it."

the position of the foes of capitalism will be immensely strengthened.

For, as *The Times* appositely points out, the "labour unrest," which some regard as a temporary after-war phenomenon,

is really an age-long conflict that has been brought by the war once more to an issue, and a more decisive issue than ever before. . . . The heart of it is the excessive inequality in the distribution of wealth produced, which is a patent fact staring us all in the face every day. . . . The economic inequality between those who own and those who manipulate the means of production has been the great spur to those repeated and insatiable demands for more wages which disturbed the country throughout the war and have continued since.¹ The ostensible ground was the cost of living, and it is a real ground; but behind it was the feeling that the owners were making vast profits, and the very rise in prices derived its sharpest sting from the ineradicable belief that it is due to "profiteering." This belief is virtually universal, and here the general body of consumers share the resentment of particular wage-earners and fall into line with them.

So much then for the effect upon the public mind of these successive revelations of what was always suspected and now seems to be emphatically confirmed. The facts are interpreted according to the ideals of those who comment on them, but nowhere have we seen them brought to the test of those standards of ethics once universally accepted by undivided Christendom, and still taught definitely by the Catholic Church. The reason is, we fear, that modern practice has departed so far from those standards that thinkers have lost sight of them altogether.² "Who can tell," asks the *Daily Herald*, "what profit is reasonable?" implying that the whole question is arbitrary and haphazard. The Catholic Church has a clear and definite answer in her doctrine about the *justum pretium*,

¹ In the first nine months of 1919 there were 1,157 strikes, practically all for higher wages, involving nearly 2½ million working-folk and causing an aggregate loss of 26 million working-days! This is said to be a record.

² Asked whether he considered it ethically justifiable to make consumers pay dividends on an over-capitalization of \$25,000,000, the President of the American Sugar Refining Company answered: "I think it is fair to get out of the consumer all you can, consistent with the business proposition . . . I do not care two cents for your ethics, I do not know enough of them to apply them." *Report of U.S. Industrial Commission in 1900*, Vol. I. p. 118, quoted by Fr. Husslein, S.J., in *The World Problem*. (Kenedy: 1918).

the fair price, which lies at the root of all her teaching in economics. She teaches that the just price of an article is its cost of production, allowing fair wages to labour, fair prices for materials, and fair interest on capital. She further determines that what is "fair," outside the cases where price is fixed by law, may be ascertained more or less exactly by the general judgment of the "market," the estimate formed by the great body of buyers and sellers in the locality where the goods are exchanged. This clearly cannot be a definite sum. It is a moral estimate, varying with time and place and circumstances, determined immediately by the supply of goods for sale and the extent of demand, and more remotely by the costs of production and the utility of the goods. It presupposes free competition between equals and experts, and, therefore, will never be far from the absolute value of the goods. If the process of exchange is to be fair, the buyer has a right to this market price: to increase it simply in order to make a greater profit than is justified by the various elements of cost is plain thieving. In the interests of the consumer (*i.e.*, the general public) it is the duty of the Government, when necessary, to prevent fraud of this sort, by "rationing," "costing," and such other processes as were so usefully employed during the war. The idea, of course, is intolerable to the capitalist-producer who wants to make all the money he can, but, unless he submits to it, he will make nationalization inevitable.

These principles, which concern buying and selling, may also be applied to the loan of capital. There is a market-price for capital, although it is not so easily determined. It is measured by certain extrinsic titles, such as the sacrifice the lender makes in parting with productive wealth, and the risk he runs of not recovering what he has lent: also, to a certain extent, by the benefit conferred on the borrower, though not because it relieves his real necessities. That distinction was not made by the earlier non-Catholic economists, who justify interest on the grounds of the borrower's advantage—a plea which would entitle one to charge a thousand pounds for a cup of water if the purchaser were dying of thirst. There are other considerations which determine the rate of interest; money can be "cheap" because abundant or because opportunities of investment are few, or the security very strong. The just rate will thus vary with the enterprise, and, if the Stock Exchange were what it ought to be,

could best be determined by the experts there. The civil law does not in this country fix a maximum rate of interest, although in the interests of both worker and consumer it may yet have to do so. Indirectly, by the Money Lending Act of 1900, a borrower may claim the protection of the Courts against what he considers the exorbitant exactions of the usurer, and it is interesting to note that the amount of interest awarded by the Courts is about 4 or 5 per cent. It is significant, also, that men living under the natural law, before Christianity came to preach a higher idea of justice, found it necessary to fix a maximum limit of interest. Usury laws abounded in pagan times, the best known being the Roman prohibition of more than 12 per cent.

The essence of usury, which term may be extended to all kinds of commercial fraud, is that it is an endeavour to make profit from the property of others, without sacrifice or risk, to get what one has in no way earned or to secure a return out of all proportion to one's exertions. That cannot be done without injustice to others engaged in the same pursuit, but in the absence of ethical guidance, it is exceedingly prevalent in the world of commerce. So prevalent that, as we have seen, Labour knows no remedy save the total abolition of profit-making. In its more restricted sense, usury was condemned by the Fifth Lateran Council as "the attempt to draw profit and increment without labour, without cost and without risk from the use of a thing which does not fructify." The Church which, now that money has become virtually productive, permits the taking of interest,¹ still condemns the taking of interest out of all proportion to labour, cost and risk. And the moralist views with concern the strange argument advanced by the defendants of coal and cotton enterprises, that the admitted excessive profits were made mainly at the expense of the "foreigner," under which frigid term are included the Allies with whom we mingled our blood in the late desperate struggle for Christian civilization. Thus, the price of export coal is not the market-price, not a price determined by cost of production, etc., but by the desperate needs of those beggared nations, whose cause was once ours. And even so, the shipping firms must have their quota too, and freightage adds, we are creditably informed, another five

¹ For a full explanation of Catholic consistency in this matter, and a refutation of the various charges of Mill, Lecky, etc., see Devas, *Political Economy*, pp. 413, seqq. : also "The Church and the Money Lender," by the Rev. H. Irwin, *THE MONTH*, Nov., Dec., 1913, Jan., 1914.

pounds a ton at the expense of the "foreigner." This cannot be right. An act of injustice still remains sinful, whatever the nationality of the victim, and it is as wrong to exploit the necessities of a nation as of an individual.

It is the universal tendency of the fallen human race, whether taken singly or collectively, to ignore the obligations of creaturehood, and to pursue the earthly objects of desire, bodily pleasure, power, or riches which secures both, without check or limit, as if they were final ends. Hence all the disorder of society, especially this particular economic evil, the mal-distribution of wealth, comes, not from the pursuit of evil, but the pursuit of good without knowing when to stop. Because the fixing of the market rate of interest is difficult, people are encouraged to think that none exists. But if the fruits of production should be proportioned to the amount of labour and sacrifice involved in the process, then the welfare of the worker should come before that of the shareholder, and the State should see that neither is favoured to the real detriment of the consumer. No wonder that many favour nationalization as the shortest way out of a maze of interests created by private covetousness. Nationalization of this or that industry, in the sense that it is run by State officials in the interests of the citizens, may or may not be a success. Yet as a remedy for undue self-seeking, nationalization would be feeble and inadequate, because mechanical and extrinsic. Legislation, although it may facilitate, cannot effect a change of heart: that must come from an inner source. But nationalization will assuredly be tried, unless the Government stops profiteering and put the Trusts under effective control. Experience has shown that it is not good for society that great corporations should dominate whole fields of industry. In the Prime Minister's forecast of the future, legislation was promised to afford the consumer protection against "Trusts, Combines and Harmful Trade Combinations." Perhaps the Profiteering Act is meant as a fulfilment of that promise. It will have justified its existence if the reports of its committees are acted upon with vigour. Otherwise it will only have paved the way to the experiment which Labour is bent upon trying, not as we believe by violence, but by constitutional means, which may nevertheless produce disastrous results.

J. KEATING.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

A VINDICATION OF JAMES II.

"VIATOR," in the *Church Times* for January 9th, has a vindication of James II., which is noteworthy even in these days of the historical vindication of so many notable persons to whom injustice had been done by their own contemporaries, or by historians in the bad old times when historians wrote, not with the intention of making known the truth, but of twisting facts attested by the documents into accordance with the desires of their own prejudices. James II., it is true, was not one who was free from faults that deserved very serious censure from candid and enlightened historians, but if he had grave defects he had also good intentions and estimable qualities, which can rightly merit for him the praise of having been the best of the Stuart sovereigns of this country, and one of the very few English sovereigns, from the sixteenth century down to the present age, who possessed that indispensable qualification for a good monarch which we call conscience.

What was amiss in him was chiefly a disposition to be arbitrary in enforcing his own will, a disposition which he shared with pretty well all our sovereigns until the quite modern times when the prerogative of government passed from the Crown to the parliament, and, which in his case, was not so much arbitrariness as utter want of tact, a defect to a certain extent condonable when one reflects what a difficult people he had to govern. For we must never forget that, when he came to the throne in 1685, those around him were still licking their blood-stained jaws, as it were, to get the last savour out of the savage potations of Catholic blood they had been imbibing wholesale during the recent Titus Oates period. It is always unjust to indict a whole nation when the crimes of which it is guilty collectively are attributable, as they usually are, to a portion only of its population, and it is at all events some sort of salve to our wounded feelings of patriotism to be able to feel that, when it fell to the lot of James II. to reign, there were many Englishmen, perhaps the majority of Englishmen, who, though they kept silence,

were observing the quiet lives and conscientious behaviour of their Catholic neighbours, and were shocked at the fanaticism which was condemning them to cruel deaths on evidence palpably insufficient to hang a dog. Still it remains, and will always remain, humiliating to us English folk that any generation of our ancestors could have so lowered themselves as to bring that disgrace on our common country.

And in the light of the brutal penal laws in which the ultra-Protestantism of those days revelled—a form of savagery now happily largely extinct—the question arises whether James II.'s determined insistency on the royal right of dispensation is not to be accounted to him as a virtue, not a vice. "Viator" says justly that "an unquestioned right to pardon offenders against the law is not easily distinguished from a power of dispensation"; and in any case, it can be said that the power of dispensation, equally with the power of pardoning, had been established as a precedent, and regularly employed before James II. came to the throne. The only difference was that James II. used it as a means of protecting, to some extent at least, liberty of conscience, alike in the case of Catholics and Nonconformists, and it was just for this reason that his savage subjects (we use the adjective designedly) magnified it into so great an offence in his case, but tolerated it so easily when it was not used to defeat their persecuting tendencies. Of course, the possession of such a power in the hands of a sovereign has its dangers, but surely we must think in these days of religious toleration that the argument in its favour was almost absolute at a time when the law as it stood was so brutal, and this was the only feasible means of tempering its harshness. We must remark, too, that James II. was all through counting on the hope of being able to get these penal laws abolished by Parliament, though it is probably also true that his chances of getting that done were very slight. In any case, we may sum up this aspect of the subject by reflecting that James II. was throughout consistent with himself in working for liberty of conscience. He was in fact the first ruler who stood out for that liberty of conscience which now seems so obviously necessary to every reasonable people. After he had been dispossessed of his throne and was writing down the counsels of experience for the instruction of the son of his old age, to whom they were to be given when he had reached suitable years, he set in an emphatic place the words which

"Viator" puts as a kind of text at the head of his paper: "People will thank you for Liberty of Conscience. Be not persuaded by any to depart from that. Our blessed Saviour whipt men out of the Temple, but I never heard that He commanded that any one should be forced into it."

James II. had the teaching of experience to impress the lesson upon him. It is not too much to assume that his brother and predecessor, who was received into the Catholic Church on his deathbed, had Catholic sympathies all through, and he was found after his death to have left a paper in which he argued out effectively the motives for the claims of the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. It does not seem beyond the bounds of probability to surmise that Charles II., who had such a genial temperament, and so many attractive qualities in him, might have made a really good king, whose career the nation could have looked back upon with respect and gratitude, had he been allowed to follow his conscience and avail himself of the sacraments of the true Church, instead of sacrificing the truth of God in order to keep his crown, and as a consequence, bringing grievous scandal on his throne and country by his inordinate violation of the sixth commandment—yes, and the fifth too, for is there a more pathetic spectacle than that of this king, forced by the penal laws to live in conflict with his own conscience, compelled in spite of himself to sign warrants for the brutal murder of many of his best subjects when his own clear judgment made it palpable to him that they were being made the victims of unjust sentences?

It has been said, if James II. was sincere in his dislike for religious persecution, why did he not induce his cousin, Louis XIV., to stop the persecution of the Huguenots in France? But this suggestion at least lays itself open to an easy retort. Why was it that the English writers of the period, who were continually exclaiming against the hardships the Huguenots had to bear, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, almost contemporaneous with the English King's Declaration of Indulgence, took opposite lines as to these two measures, lauding to the skies the English Bishops who maintained the necessity of keeping up in England the penal laws against the Catholics, whilst protesting against the cruelty of maintaining in France the penal laws against the Protestants? For our part we should have wished to see them both done away with, though it must not

be forgotten that in France the Protestants were persecuting the Catholics in the parts where they were the stronger party. But the point is about James II. What he may have suggested in private to the King of France we do not know, but it is probable enough that he did, when he had the opportunity, speak to his cousin in that sense. Indeed, "Viator" tells us that that was the tradition at St. Germain's. But for one king to exhort another king in any public letter how to govern his kingdom would only cause resentment and perhaps stir up political difficulties. How would the English people have liked a foreign monarch to admonish them in that way!

Another point to the good in James II.'s personal character was his fidelity to his promises. Many of the reckless historians of his life are quite prepared to deny this, but "Viator" appeals to the verdict of Evelyn, who knew him well, and writes in his diary for October 2, 1685, in reference to the paper found by James in his brother's desk: "As I do exceedingly prefer his Majesty's free and ingenuous profession of what his own religion is, beyond concealment upon any politic accounts, so I think him of a most sincere and honest nature, one on whose word one may rely, and that he makes a conscience of what he promises, to perform it." Nor are there any incidents in James's life as a sovereign which cannot be made to consist with this. Especially as regards his religion he may be accused, perhaps legitimately, of obtruding it too openly before his discontented subjects, but he was always straightforward in professing it and obeying its laws, though it was often suggested to him to purchase popularity by the show of a mock conversion to Protestantism, but always with the result that, without departing one jot from his principle of toleration, he never sought to disguise the firmness of his Catholic convictions.

Perhaps his greatest fault was his precipitancy in action, and to this, his tendency to lose his temper when opposed, ministered. But here, too, his memorandum for the use of his son is witness, that he had learnt to recognize this defect and its seriousness. His son-in-law, whose conscience was greatly to seek when any moral issue was at stake, set him an example in things prudential, of weighing well both sides of any contemplated action, and if James had followed him in this he might have saved his kingdom.

But if we want to pass a trustworthy judgment on this King's character, it is necessary to compare his later life

when he was an exile at St. Germain, with the time when he was still on his throne. Promptly, when he arrived in France, he visited La Trappe, of which he had heard while in England from the Marquis de Bellefonds; and he made the acquaintance of the saintly Abbé de Rancé. In the *Memoirs* of the latter by the Abbé Dubois, we have the means of seeing how the King fell under the spiritual influence of de Rancé, and how he profited by it. To that source let the reader go who wishes to learn how the character of this truly religious sovereign became purified and sanctified amidst the associations of the house of prayer to which he betook himself annually in the last years of his life to spend a few days in retreat. His own account of the drawing to God which these experiences produced in him is extant.

"I found," he says, "that gradually I succeeded in the desire I had of leading a better life. I began to have a truer sense of the vanity of human greatness. I became convinced that nothing ought to be more ardently desired than the love of God, and that every good Christian ought to mortify himself, particularly a man so miserable as I am, who have lived so many years in a state of almost habitual sin, until by chastising me in your infinite mercy you brought me back to yourself."

And that these were not empty sentiments appears from the impression he made on the Abbé de Rancé, who, writing to the Marquis de Bellefonds, says: "I saw in him a fund of piety and religion which surprised me, a detachment from all worldly things and a resignation to the will of God which can only be a sincere effect of His grace and a mark of the action of His Holy Spirit."

It was confirmed, too, by the sentiments of entire forgiveness towards the Prince of Orange, and his ungrateful children which he manifested. "I was filled with admiration," says again the Abbé de Rancé, "at the moderation and self-restraint with which he spoke of his enemies. Not a word ever left his lips which was not in keeping with the most exact rules of the Gospel."

And this was the King whom English bigotry drove out of its borders to make room for self-seeking William of Orange, and, in due succession, for the sadly degenerate George I.

S. F. S.

WOMEN AND THE PRIESTHOOD.

THE strong-minded (? lady-) theologian who from "Under the Clock" delivers judgment on all sorts of ethical, religious and historical problems for the benefit of readers of the *Daily News*, is probably far beyond the reach of any remonstrance of ours. And yet it seems worth while to call attention to a recent utterance of this writer, if only for the reason that the calm self-confidence with which the statement is made is such as to deceive, if it were possible, even the elect. It is not every critic who has the nerve to contradict a committee of experts who, after inquiry, have come to a unanimous conclusion upon a question of fact, in a line of research peculiarly their own. Almost in spite of himself the reader is impressed by the sheer audacity of the proceeding, and though not a shred of evidence is produced, or producible, he goes away quite shaken in his convictions and wondering whether he is standing on his head or his heels. We fancy that this must have been the feeling of any Catholic layman of average scholarship who chanced, a few weeks ago, to light upon a paragraph in the *Daily News*, of which the following are the more noteworthy sentences:

The refusal of the Lower House of Convocation to allow women to pray and speak in churches ignores a good deal of history. . . . In the early days of the Christian Church women shared both in the ministry and in the administration, playing an important part in the progress made by the Primitive Church. For the first 300 years of the Christian era *women were even ordained as priests*, and for 800 years they served at the altar and administered communion.¹

Now to begin with, in the Report of the Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which was issued last year, we find this sentence at its very commencement: "By your Grace's request our investigations have been purely historical in character. We have not dealt with questions bearing upon sex in comparative or speculative theology, nor with the reasons why women have never been ordained to the priesthood." And again, after a brief statement of the possible reasons why the priesthood was withheld, the Committee repeat:

It is not our province to discuss these questions. We simply record the fact that the restriction of the ministry of the priest-

¹ *The Daily News*, Friday, Feb. 13, 1920.

hood to men originated in a generation which was guided by the special gifts of the Holy Spirit. The evidence of the New Testament is the evidence of that generation.

We have no idea of entering at length into the rather complicated question of the primitive institution of deaconesses, but it may be worth while in regard to the question of the priesthood to make one brief extract from the best known work of St. Epiphanius, the friend of St. Jerome. Having been born in Palestine, and having visited Egypt, Constantinople and Rome, knowing Syriac and Egyptian as well as Greek and Hebrew, St. Epiphanius speaks with peculiar authority. In his work against Heresies, speaking of the preposterous cult of the Collyridians, he touches upon the question of the priesthood of women in the following terms:

Never since the world began did a woman exercise the priesthood, not even Eve. . . . Though Eve grievously offended she was never guilty of so great a crime as this. . . . If the priesthood had been committed to women this priestly office would not have been entrusted to anyone sooner than to Mary, on whom was bestowed the supreme privilege of bearing in her womb the King of all creation and the God of heaven. . . . There is an order of deaconesses in the Church, but it was not instituted for any priestly function nor for any ministry of this character.¹

The object of the institution of deaconesses was, according to Epiphanius, that proper decorum should be observed in the baptism of women. It was never intended, he urges, that women should speak in the Church. There is abundant testimony of the same kind limiting the functions of the deaconesses, even in the Syrian Churches, where perhaps the institution had greater vogue than elsewhere in the East or West. If they were, in the absence of priest or deacon, permitted to bring the Eucharist to religious of their own sex or to little children, it is again and again insisted on that they had no part in the functions of the altar properly considered. The great Syriac writer, James of Edessa, lays much stress on this point, and limits the normal functions of the deaconess in the Church to sweeping the sanctuary and lighting the lamps, and that only when the priest and deacon were not available to perform this office.²

H. T.

¹ Migne, *P.G.*, XXV. pp. 744—746.

² F. Nau, *Les Canons et les Résolutions canoniques*, Paris, 1906, p. 49.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**War-lessons
lost.**

"Where there is no vision the people perish." How short-sighted were the framers of the Peace of Versailles is shown by the fact that Europe, which they set about to regenerate, is perishing under their care. They have not had "vision." They have not seen that the war, by revealing the inevitable result of the previous international system, a system of mutual mistrust and hostile competition, has necessitated an utter change in national outlook if civilization is to endure. The war showed, what should have been clear even without its baleful light, that by making self-interest the highest good, nations as well as individuals would lose in the long run, and that no one can profit by injustice. Yet the Peace Conference speedily degenerated, in the words of General Smuts, into "a place of disillusionment, sometimes almost of despair, a seething cauldron of human passion and greed." From the start the ideals of the war were belied and scouted. The two principles of human government, regard for law and reliance on force, right and might, were arrayed against one another at Versailles, just as they were in the war, but unhappily it was might that won in the making of peace. The world, jolted by the great upheaval out of its old ruts for the moment, dropped heavily back into them when the stimulus was removed. War, even a war for justice, has not Christianized the Allies; not taught them that justice is better than self-aggrandizement, and co-operation than restless rivalry. Its clamant necessities put a check to selfishness for a time by directing individual energies away from merely personal objects. But peace has her necessities as well as war. The preservation of peace needs as much vigilance and foresight, as much unselfishness and unity, as does the waging of war. Yet nothing in the whole proceedings at Versailles was more deplorable than the cynicism with which, having forged a great instrument for peace in the League of Nations, the diplomats kicked it aside, and settled down to their old game of planning peace by map-making, armaments, strategical frontiers—all the display and devices of force that fear could suggest.

**Lip-homage
to the
League.**

Thus, though the first section of the Versailles Peace, the League of Nations, was inspired by hope, throughout the rest of the document runs the note of fear. Instead of making the League the corner-stone of the whole edifice, planning its further developments, strengthening its influence, referring to its functions in all disputable points, enlarging its scope as much

as possible, and showing that they regarded it, as indeed it is, the one hope of the future security and progress of civilization, the diplomats went back to the old and discredited game of grab, each aiming at doing what he thought best for his country's interest, and all forgetting the interests of the race. There is no recorded instance of a single act of spontaneous sacrifice, no relinquishing of a supposed advantage or plausible claim, in the interests of justice and peace, which would indicate that at least in one diplomatic breast there was a higher ideal than national gain. Yet their professions! They were to inaugurate a new era, to promote inter-national co-operation, to restore international law! "It is free peoples who are represented here," said M. Poincaré, at the opening of the Conference, "and their task is the pursuit of justice, justice that has no favourites, justice in territorial possessions, justice in financial problems, justice in economics. . . . What justice banishes is the dream of conquest and imperialism, contempt for national will, the arbitrary exchange of provinces between States as though peoples were but articles of furniture or pawns in a game." But no one was more outspoken than M. Clemenceau, the statesman to whose materialistic outlook many people ascribe the defects of the Treaty. Speaking of the League of Nations, he said: "It is for you [the representatives of the Powers] to make it live, and for that there is *no sacrifice to which we are not ready to consent*. I do not doubt that, as you are all of this disposition, we shall arrive at this result, but only on condition that *we exercise impartial pressure on ourselves to reconcile what in appearance may be opposing interests in the loftier view of a greater, better and higher humanity*." If words were all, here we have indeed enough. Why did these men so speedily abandon the League of Nations as an instrument of policy, and set about making alliances, increasing armies, beggaring their late enemies, fighting everywhere and all the time for their own hand. We must suppose that they saw reason not to trust each other, for, just as the existence of one aggressively militarist nation forces all the rest to arm, so the presence of one palpably grasping diplomatist at the Conference would infect the others with his spirit in very self-defence. Or was it that they felt that, in sinking immediate national interests for the sake of a higher and more universal good, just as every decent member of a civilized community does many times a day, they would not have the support of their several peoples? Very possibly, for the idea of Public Right, divorced as it is in our modern societies from the idea of God, is a plant of slow and precarious growth.

**The League
must be
Christianized.**

That being so, it behoves the younger generations, if they wish to reach old age, free from the horrors that have visited their fathers, to support the development of the League of Nations, both as an expression of the Christian ideal and an immeasurable benefit to civilization. To be free from war, the pre-occupation with war, the iniquities of war, the crushing burdens of war; to have a means which may lessen the frequency and narrow the extent and shorten the duration of bellicose outbreaks; to be taught how to kill the roots of war, which always spring from some injustice—what a boon to humanity would that be! If realizable at all, it will only be through the influence of religion, which enables men to curb their excessive self-regard, and therefore all Christians should do what they can to perfect the machinery and maintain the ideals of the League. That they can best do by joining the League of Nations Union, an unofficial body, which has yet had much influence in furthering the institution of the League of Nations itself.¹ There will always be in every nation a militarist party, which will be strong in proportion to the absence of practical Christianity: accordingly, Catholics should organize to defeat the ignorance, apathy, misconception, prejudice and downright evil-will that oppose the union of the peoples in the common pursuit of justice. And it is even more necessary to free the League from its manifold defects, and especially from the colourable imputation—hitherto fatal to its acceptance in America—that it is an alliance of the strong nations to enforce their will upon the weak.

Meanwhile, two meetings of the Council of the League have been held since the Peace Treaty came into force on January 10th, the first in Paris on January 16th, which was merely formal, the second in London on February 12th, when six of the Allies, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium and Greece—and two neutrals—Brazil and Spain—were represented, and some eight important subjects, some of which were *de facto* referred to the League by the Peace Treaty, were set in train. It is noteworthy that not only the militarists oppose the League, but also the Labour-Socialists,² the motive of the latter apparently being the fear lest it should interfere with the future "Workers' International."

**Modifications
of the
Peace Treaty.**

The League of Nations was intended not only to sustain but to amend the Peace Treaty wherever necessary. This much credit, at least, is due to President Wilson, who insisted that the League should precede everything else: had it been left till

¹ The League of Nations Union has its head-quarters at 22, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W., 1, whence literature can be obtained.

² See *Daily Herald*, Feb 14, 1920.

later, the diplomatists, past masters of evasion and delay, and the militarists,¹ would effectually have prevented its formation. But before the League, imperfect as it still is, has been able to set to work, the logic of events has taken the matter in hand, and the Versailles Treaty is in process of being amended because the execution of various items is either inexpedient or impossible. The agreement, for instance, on the part of Germany to hand over various "war-criminals" to be tried by the Allies, cannot be carried out: the utmost Germany can promise is to give an unprejudiced trial to certain specified individuals in her own courts, with the assistance of the Allies. As we conjectured last month, the arraignment of these men by the Allies has been met in Germany by the very intelligible counter-plea that certain alleged Allied offenders should be similarly brought to trial. Reasonably enough, for the cause of humanity would not be served if only the conquered in war could be taken to task for war-crimes.

Again, the immense sums demanded in reparation from our late enemies cannot possibly be paid in full, without keeping the whole of Europe in a state of misery and turmoil for generations. And even more than the size of the indemnity its singular indefiniteness would have that effect. No nation will produce wealth if it knows that the more it produces the more will be taken from it. The economic recovery of central Europe, now ravaged by famine and destitution, demands rather loans than fines, a fact recognized rather tardily the other day by a Minister who said, "we must now endeavour to set our late enemies on their legs again." The rights of Belgium and North France to restitution in kind may reasonably be pressed, but the menace of colossal exactions, the effect of which would only be to prevent the possibility of payment, should be withdrawn. It would be better policy for the Allies, in the general interest of European peace and prosperity, to limit their demands to what can be fairly speedily paid, and to write off liabilities, which only would tend to prolong international hatred and unrest. This would not be to condone wrong-doing, but simply to acknowledge that in circumstances *summum jus* may be *summa injuria*.

¹ As a sample of the length to which these gentry go in order to decry the hated League, the Editor of the *Saturday Review* (Jan. 31), apropos of Sir Eric Drummond being a Catholic, calls for his dismissal from the post of Secretary, and incidentally would re-enact the penal laws and ostracize Catholics from public life and office because, as he alleges, "the political influence of the Church of Rome is always used against republican France and democratic England"! How, we wonder, would Mr. Baumann like the Jews to be so treated?

**The Fate
of
the Turk.**

One of the consolatory aspects of the war-horror was the hope, which, after his rejection of Mr. Lloyd George's peace offers in Dec. 1917 and Jan. 1918, grew to a certainty, that as a result the blight of Turkish rule would be finally banished from Europe. That certainty, alas! has since grown somewhat weak. In spite of his persistence, even after defeat, in his awful practice of massacre and outrage, this savage has found defenders amongst Allied statesmen, chiefly, it is said, belonging to the French Government, who, probably for financial reasons, have insisted on his being left in Constantinople. At the moment of writing, Parliament is debating this decision, which has been arrived at wholly independent of its approval, and for many days a campaign for and against the Turk has been vigorously waged in the press. The spectre of Mahomedan discontent in India has been raised by the Turko-phils—a plain subterfuge, for those Mahomedan Indians freely helped us to the victory which enables us to put an end to Turkish misrule. Nor is Constantinople a sacred city in Moslem eyes, and the spiritual authority of the Sultan, whatever it may be, is undiminished by his defeat, and cannot be harmed by his transference to Asia. If the "barbarous Turk," whose very religion is destructive of civilization as known in Western Europe, had given even the slightest sign that defeat and disgrace had taught him to put a check upon his lust and cruelty, one might have considered whether his tenure of Constantinople, under close Allied suzerainty, would have mattered so much. But the recent religious campaign against the Armenians shows that he is incorrigible, and that Enver's policy "of settling the Armenian question by killing the Armenian nation" is still being pursued. This deprives him of any right to continue his rule over any Christian population in Asia Minor. He remains what Newman described him, "the inveterate and hateful enemy of the Cross of Christ." The Premier, who now proposes to tolerate him in Europe, and to leave the hapless Christians of Armenia under his sway, spoke of him in 1914, before, therefore, the terrible massacres that occurred the following year, as "a human cancer, a creeping agony of the flesh."

The tread of his blood-stained sandals [he went on] scorches and withers life and fertility out of whole territories. The people subjected to his rule have for centuries been the victims of his indolence, incompetence and lust. I am glad the Turk is to be called to final account for his long record of infamy against humanity.

As to the fate of Constantinople, the proposal that it should become a Free City under the protection of the League of Nations,

and perhaps the head-quarters of that body seems a reasonable and feasible one.

**The Hidden Hand
of
Finance.**

We are speaking in ignorance of the requirements of international finance, as well as of the machinations of international socialism, which has apparently caused our domestic socialists to take sides with the Turk. Those hidden movements of the spirit of Mammon, which are said to have prompted the Allied interference with Russia, and especially the shameful instigation of those bankrupt and exhausted nations, Poland and Roumania, to continue fighting on the Russian border when they of all others needed peace, are spoken of confidently by responsible organs of the Press, and we see no reason to doubt the substantial truth of their assertions. Mammon has always found in Mars a convenient ally. Armament firms have never scrupled to foster war, in order to find a market for their goods, and if the disturbances in Eastern Europe, and even in Asia Minor, were to be laid to their charge, well, we shouldn't, to use an Irish phrase, "put it beyond them." It is certain that war cannot be carried on without munitions, and when the League of Nations becomes a working reality and a force, one of its chief tasks will be to control the output of the means of war and to remove it from private hands. If our Labour friends would work for the nationalization of *this* particular industry, they would win our support and that of all true Christians.

**Conscription
and
Armaments.**

The most satisfactory item in Mr. Churchill's Army Estimates Speech was the announcement that the Conscription Act lapses on March 31st. To those who believe that universal conscription habituates Governments and peoples to the idea of war as a part of State policy, who consider, with Sir Ian Hamilton, that to abolish conscription would be to break the teeth of war, who look to a future federation of free and unaggressive nations to preserve the world's peace, this is good news. It is certainly a great object-lesson to the world at large that this country freely abandons the continental notion of a nation in arms, which has so frequently brought continental nations to blows. The announcement was made all the more emphatic by an enumeration of the States which are still guiding their policy under the dominion of fear and mistrust—France, Italy, Japan, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Roumania, Greece, Poland, Yugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia, and even the United States, which, in a later passage, the speaker called "pious America," the sneer being, in fact, a tribute to the reputation for Christian idealism and zeal for humanity possessed

by the great Republic. Conscription is also abolished by force of treaty in the conquered Teutonic States, but no one thinks, who knows history or observe facts, that that prohibition can always be enforced. Reforms imposed as penalties will be accepted only so long as they are backed by force, and the amount of force and degree of interference necessary to prevent a community from arming and drilling itself, may be estimated from the present state of Ireland. We can only hope that the new Germany will later on, in the League of Nations, have the wisdom to use her influence for the abolition of conscription everywhere and general disarmament, for it would be ludicrously unjust to expect a nation of 60 or 70 millions to limit its army to 100,000 men, whilst all its neighbours remained armed camps. If before the war the nations were so heavily burdened by the maintenance of their wasteful military establishments, is it likely that the bankrupt peoples who, even without such burdens, would find life hard, will be ready to shoulder still heavier burdens, because their rulers have not the sense or the courage to institute a new international order? There was no word in Mr. Churchill's speech about this new order. In fact, he justified the abolition of conscription and the weakness of the Army, for which he was asking 125 million pounds, on the express ground that, Germany "being unable to become a formidable military power for a number of years," we are safe for the moment; so hard is it even for a statesman, or perhaps we should say, especially for a politician, of the old school, to realize that the "common people" want some attempt made to discover an alternative to war. The very strength of the League of Nations idea is the fact that it is the only possible alternative to a much worse war than the last. Mr. Churchill got his 125 millions and posed as an economist: last year, we may remember, he asked for 287 millions and spent 405!

**Horrors of
the
next War.**

It may stimulate the apathetic taxpayer to some sort of protest, not only to read such revelations of war's inevitable barbarities as Mr. Philip Gibbs describes in his latest book, *Realities of War*, but also to consider the degradation of current military ethics, which the late conflict has caused. Previously a moralist could write:

A war does not constitute all the inhabitants [of a country] belligerents, but only such as the State shall definitely enroll, and shall in some manner signify to the enemy to be persons empowered to bear arms in the public cause.¹

¹ J. Rickaby, S.J., *Political and Moral Essays*, p. 64.

But in the late war, by indiscriminate bombing, and other forms of "frightfulness," this doctrine was continually set at nought, and the civil population withdrawn from the protection of the fifth commandment. As a consequence, it is now openly proclaimed that "*the objective in all future wars must be the civil population*." In actual fact the civil populations were the objectives in this war.¹ And in an interesting book recently published, *Tanks in the Great War*, Colonel Fuller, Chief General Staff Officer in the Tank Corps, who calls the first use of gas by the Germans "a stroke of genius," not, as we used to think it, a "method of barbarism," goes on to sweep away the obsolete "Laws of War" in the following decisive fashion:

Fast-moving tanks equipped with tons of liquid gas . . . will in the next war cross the frontier and obliterate every living thing in the fields and farms, the villages and cities of the enemy's country. Whilst life is being swept away, around the frontier, fleets of aeroplanes will attack the enemy's great industrial and governing centres. All these attacks will be made at first, not against the enemy's army . . . but against the civil population, in order to compel it to accept the will of the attacker.

This then is the real lesson of the war, one learnt with such readiness that British aeroplanes now bomb Indian hill-villages as a matter of course. Yet there are people who deride the League of Nations as an impracticable vision and do not rather see that it is a stern and practical necessity if civilization is to recover and survive.

**An
Unwanted
Education Bill.**

By the introduction, on February 26th, of their scheme for Irish Home Rule, the Government have taken in hand, none too soon, a problem of vital importance to the welfare of both countries. As a political measure we have nothing here to say of it, but, assuming the sincerity of its authors' desire to satisfy what they consider Ireland's just demands, we are all the more amazed that they should intend to go forward at the same time with an educational project for Ireland which their own Home Rule Bill would immediately make obsolete. One would imagine they had trouble enough already with forcing upon a mainly Catholic people, against an unanimous protest from their Hierarchy, an educational measure which is framed to put all Catholic schools and colleges under the absolute control of a Scotch Protestant (the Chief Secretary), an Orangeman (the President of the Agricul-

¹ Article in the *Herald* for March, 1919 headed, "The Real Lesson of the War": the author includes the food-blockade amongst attacks on the civil population.

tural Board), and a third (permanent) member, yet unnamed. The plea is that the teachers have many grievances needing redress (grievances which for generations the Treasury has blandly ignored), but the real motive is to deprive the Church of her rightful share and influence in the education of Catholic children. *The Spectator* (February 21st), inveterate and impudent Erastian as it is, deplores the fact that the Hierarchy are left some authority over Catholic education, but the Bishops know better. They declare that the effect of the Bill would be to undermine the Catholic faith, and, therefore, they and their flocks will have none of it. But, were the Bill satisfactory in every possible way, what is the wisdom of wasting legislation in doing for Ireland what Ireland is quite capable of doing for herself?

**The Blindness
of the
Modern Mind.**

An instructive instance of the attitude and workings of the "modern mind"—the mentality that assumes that the human intellect is the measure of all truth—is afforded by certain

passages in Professor H. L. Stewart's appreciation of the late Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the October *Hibbert Journal*, a fair, shrewd and sympathetic enough criticism, but incidentally showing that the Professor had in no way profited by Ward's prolonged and highly successful endeavours to make Catholicism intelligible to his non-Catholic contemporaries. Speaking of himself "and those who may think with him," Dr. Stewart writes:

To them it is both *inherently incredible* and *historically without a shred of evidence* (!) that any organization of men on earth has been invested with the awful prerogative which Ward acknowledged in the visible Church. To us priesthood and power of the keys and spiritual rulership and apostolic succession have a profound archæological interest: but when we think of such terms *in relation to our own age*, they constitute no more than a tale of sound and fury, signifying nothing. . . . But we may not be *false to our own truth*, such as it is, or affect to find in *the sedulous subordination of thought to external control*, anything else than a betrayal of our birth-right.

Professor Stewart is an Ulster Protestant, and we may readily grant that the above repudiation of "Rome" is couched in much more courteous terms than the shorter formula favoured by his co-religionists in Down and Antrim. But in essence it comes to the same thing—"we will not have this man reign over us." We may ask in wonderment—what *inherent* difficulty is there in the omnipotent God setting up and maintaining on earth an in-

fallible witness to Himself? And as to evidence, surely the New Testament is at least as historical as "Cæsar," and much better authenticated, and surely it contains more than "a shred of evidence" that such a body of witnesses was *de facto* instituted. What the Professor really confesses to is the atrophy of a faculty, possessed by millions all over the Catholic world, as enlightened and progressive and advanced as he, the faculty of seeing the City set upon a Hill, itself its own sufficient evidence. The pity he wastes on Mr. Ward is in reality due to himself and "those who may think with him." They are blind or, rather, lost in a fog of their own making, "their own truth," and, as the last phrase italicised shows, incapable of understanding the system they denounce.

**The Eugenics
Education
Society.**

In January we commented on a pamphlet issued by the "Eugenics Education Society," to the effect that its outlook was purely material and earthly, and that it did not clearly condemn immoral methods of securing hygienic ends. The Secretary of the Society has since written to point out that eugenicists place in the order of desirability moral qualities first, intellectual second, and physical third—a fact which we are glad to be authoritatively assured of, though it is not mentioned in the pamphlet. As to the other criticism, the Secretary claims that *officially* the Society does not pronounce on the morality of certain practices, sterilization, artificial birth-control, etc., leaving such matters to the individual conscience. This does not obviate the objection that prominent eugenicists in books and pamphlets do advocate methods which conflict with Christian morality, the standard of which is set, not by the individual conscience, but objectively by the Christian Church. They may not belong to this particular Society, but their writings form "eugenic literature," and are not in any sense repudiated by the Society as non-representative. As to our contention that "duty to posterity" is a loose illogical phrase, and that, strictly speaking, we have "no duty to posterity," it "fairly astonishes" the Secretary, but nevertheless it is true. The correlative of duty is right, and until an entity exists it obviously cannot claim rights. This does not mean that one may bring children into the world irresponsibly; we are bound by God's law not to do anything which now or later will result in inflicting unmerited injury upon another human being. The Church is much more explicit about man's duties than any other body, but she knows, too, that if you eliminate the idea of God, there can be found no substantial basis for the notion of duty.

**A Judge
and
the Jesuits.**

We should indeed be thin-skinned if we raised a protest every time that the words "Jesuit" and "Jesuitical" were used in a derogatory sense. That sense was given to the words in penal times, when, death being the penalty of exercising priestly functions openly in England, the Jesuits and other Catholic clergy were forced to do so secretly. And the depreciative sense was derived as well from the campaign of calumny with which the adversaries of the Society, whether from religious or political motives, strove to prepare the way for its overthrow in the eighteenth century. "If they have called the goodman of the house Beelzebub, how much more those of His household?" That meaning will no doubt continue to cling to the words so long as the public are under the sway of the old Protestant Tradition. When Dr. Johnson was called to task for giving a wrong definition of "fetlock" in his dictionary, he pleaded "pure ignorance." The same excuse will doubtless avail the misusers of those terms in the majority of cases. But when a Judge of the High Court uses his responsible position to give further currency to what is in effect a slander upon Catholicism, it is not to be wondered at that our Catholic journals and societies should call the offender to book. Mr. Justice Darling, the offender in question, attempted, in answer to the Secretary of the Catholic Union, to justify his ill-considered *obiter dictum*, but his reply only served to show how little notion of the value of evidence even one of His Majesty's Judges can exhibit when he wishes to bolster up a bad case. For the plea of the Judge in substance was—the enemies of the Jesuits have ascribed hypocrisy, meanness and deceit to that body, therefore the charges must be justified.

In the same way, but with much more excuse, the *New Oxford Dictionary*, in the three columns or so which it devotes to the word "Jesuit" and its derivatives, does much to perpetuate the calumny. Although a dictionary's business is to record historical usage, still it would have been only fair if the compilers had stated, in the somewhat onesided account they give of the origin of the sinister sense of the words, that the charges on which it is based have from the start been vehemently denied by the parties concerned and by the Catholic Church generally, and that, therefore, honesty and good taste should preclude their use.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Bible, The pre-Reformation Church in the [J. M. Leuhart, O.M.Cap., in *Catholic World*, Feb., 1920, p. 601].

Catholicism and Nationalism [J. Rivière in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Jan. 15, Feb. 1, 1920, pp. 115, 195].

Happiness: here and hereafter [Bishop J. Vaughan in *The Month*, March, 1920, p. 201].

Lying, and its intrinsic malice [A. Vermeersch in *Gregorianum*, Jan., 1920, p. 11].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Controversy, Concerning Religious [Tablet, Feb. 28, 1920, p. 277].

Jacopone da Todi, Vindication of [M.-L. Egerton Castle in *The Month*, March, 1920, p. 220].

Jesuits: Mr. Justice Darling and the [Tablet, Feb. 21, 1920, pp. 245, 258, 262].

Health Ministry, Wrong Principles and Methods of [Agnes Mott in *Catholic Citizen*, Feb. 15, 1920, p. 9].

Protestant Attempts at Unity [F. Keeler in *America*, Feb. 7, 1920, p. 341].

Social Unrest, a fruit of the Reformation [Cardinal Gasquet in *The Queen's Work*, Feb., 1920, p. 31].

Stutfield's. Mr., "Rome the Mischief-Maker" [*The Month*, Feb., 1920, p. 166; *C.B.N.*, Feb., p. 36].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Automatic Script: An old form of Superstition [H. Thurston in *Tablet*, Feb. 7, 1920, p. 174; G. C. Treacy, S.J., in *America*, Oct. 11-18, 1919, p. 8].

Calendar Simplification [L. Semler, O.F.M., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Jan., 1920, p. 1].

Catholic Church in Mesopotamia [R. P. Garrold, S.J., in *The Queen's Work*, Feb., 1920, p. 33].

Church: How the War has freed the, from the State [Rev. M. V. Ronan in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Jan., 1919, p. 24].

Education in Ireland [*Universe*, Feb. 6, 1920, p. 14].

Einstein's Theory [L. Walker, S.J., in *Universe*, Feb. 6, 1920, p. 12].

French Catholic Scholars [W. P. H. Kitchin, Ph.D., in *Catholic World*, Feb., 1920, p. 634].

German Missions and the Peace [A. Brou, S.J., in *Etudes*, Feb. 5, 1920, p. 336].

Paganism in modern England [B. Vaughan, S.J., in *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*, Feb., 1919].

Press, The Apostolate of the [B. A. Muttkowski, Ph.D., in *America*, Nov. 8, 1919, p. 53].

Scruples and Mental Breakdown [T. J. Agius, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Jan., 1920, p. 12].

Turk, Why the, should leave Europe [*Universe*, Feb. 27, 1920, pp. 2, 12].

REVIEWS

I—THE ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME¹

CARDINAL WISEMAN tells us that when, as a scholar, he first passed the portals of the English College, Rome, he was overwhelmed with the feeling of awe at this place, sacred to English Catholics from time immemorial, the home of long lines of English predecessors, to be linked with whom was an honour, obliging to the highest spiritual striving and intellectual effort. The reasons for that awe, the details of that noble tradition, are here set down by Cardinal Gasquet with equal felicity and learning. The occasion for doing so was furnished by the centenary, in 1918, of the last stage in the growth of that venerable foundation, when the rectorate was transferred to a representative of the restored English Catholic episcopate. This jubilee, though its solemnities were suppressed during the war, has resulted in the production of a pleasant, popular, yet well-filled volume, savoured throughout with Attic salt, while avoiding the dull minutiae of research.

It is certainly not easy to give a condensed view of the 1,200 years with which this volume deals. The first two chapters give the fullest account yet published of the ancient predecessors of the College; that is of the *Schola Saxonum* (725) and the two hospices (or hospitals) of the Holy Trinity and of St. Thomas, founded about 1360 and 1397. The Cardinal especially thanks Mgr. Mann for his assistance here; and the result is every way satisfactory. Then comes the foundation of the College, and the two centuries of Jesuit rule in six chapters. Here, as elsewhere, the Elizabethan period is of course by far the most lively and attractive. This golden age was rich in martyrs (chap. vi.), "*Confesoresque Lucidi*" (chap. vii.), with certain fiery controversies, settled by strong Papal sentences. Then we have the scholastic displays and an interesting comment on the Pilgrim Book (chaps. ix., x.). "The Second Century of the College" (chap. viii.), on the other hand, is not quite such en-

¹ *A History of the Venerable English College, Rome: Its origins and work from the earliest times to the present day.* By Cardinal Gasquet; with sixteen illustrations. London: Longmans. Pp. ix. 291. Price, 15s.

gaging reading, probably because it is less well adjusted to the history of the times. Those "dull centuries" were everywhere a time of autumnal shrivelling, prognosticating the calamities to follow in the ruinous winter of the Revolution. The facts of the shrinkage here are chronicled well enough; but there is little breadth of view shown in pointing to parallel cases, or to probable causes. Still we would not urge the point unduly; for no English Catholic writer has yet treated this "Decline and Fall" with the seriousness which it deserves. We have not curiously probed the information derived from Foley in certain chapters. But the signs of careful revision, so necessary when one popular story is made up from another, are not so much in evidence as we should have liked.

No use seems to have been made of "The Students' Replies," which are copied in full at the Record Office; nor of "The Bad Boy's Diary." The latter throws a vivid light on the period when the Jesuits had gone; the former gives a picture, hardly to be met with elsewhere, of contemporary English Catholic life. These, however, are but small blemishes in a volume overflowing with interesting matter, everywhere breathing the peaceful Benedictine spirit, and happily adorned with good illustrations and an excellent index.

2—A SHORT HISTORY OF EDUCATION¹

IN a short preface Professor Adamson deprecates the objection that a book so entitled must needs imply that its author has a narrow conception of education. No doubt a History of Education, if it is to aim at being comprehensive, must assume gigantic proportions, but it is possible and practical to deal with the subject of education on a smaller scale and still include a large amount of useful information, while also acknowledging the vast extension of the subject what a fuller treatment would demand. This kind of smaller but useful treatment Professor Adamson has provided. It was the Catholic Church which first took up the work of education in the Christian period, and hence the first four chapters of the volume are occupied with her work in this respect, her institutions and her methods, and here in chapter one we

¹ By John William Adamson, Professor of Education in the University of London. Cambridge: at the University Press. Pp. xi. 371. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1919.

get an interesting account of what is too often overlooked, the part played in the institutions of chivalry in training the layman, whose book-learning may not have been very considerable, but who received in the form of knightly education a good deal of very valuable education, in life and manners. Referring to more clerkly education, Professor Adamson is not quite correct in thinking that it was confined, in the first instance, to the knowledge of the Bible. That, no doubt, was a leading element in the system, and yet was not so much exegetical as theological and philosophical, but under the names of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*, the same secular subjects were taught in their infantine, but progressively developing form, as are still taught in our secondary schools.

Chapter iii. gives an instructive account of the gradual evolution of Universities out of the previously prevalent institutions of Cathedral Schools. The author here is not very much at home with mediæval thought, such as the reasons why the use of Aristotle was first tabooed, then encouraged, in the schools, or in what consisted the moderate realism which eventually prevailed, and was advocated by the great scholastics like St. Thomas of Aquin, and the ultra-realism of William of Champeaux. He does not see, too, why it was that experimental sciences were at a discount among mediæval scholars. It was not that they failed to appreciate the method of induction, but because they had few of the necessary scientific instruments such as the microscope, and altogether their methods of physical investigation were very inadequate.

A fairly satisfying account of the educational movements of the sixteenth century, with many interesting details, is given, and the writer sees to some extent, though not fully, the harm done to the cause of education by those Reformers who pretended to take an interest in it, but were really set on enriching themselves from the plunder of the monasteries. Chapter xii., on "Eighteenth Century Theory," is particularly instructive. It touches expressly on Locke's *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, which was published in 1690; Rousseau's *Emile*, *Sophie* and *Nouvelle Heloise*, which came up some seventy years later; and La Châtalais' *Essay on National Education*, which came out in 1763. Of the former the author justly reflects, that though Locke was a "convinced believer in the Christian Revelation," it is part of the irony of human things that, through the sceptical tendency of his

philosophy and the sensory basis of his psychology, he became the source of eighteenth century deism, and, with Voltaire and the French philosophers, a co-founder of the Enlightenment or "age of reason." Yet this sequence of events becomes quite intelligible when we bear in mind how essentially superficial Locke was in all his conceptions. Intellect and reason were notions quite unintelligible to him. And the same gross superficiality lies at the door of Rousseau, that utter quack who misled so many who should have known better. Fancy a man teaching that the state of nature was superior to that of civilized intelligence, and not even attempting to distinguish in what sense he took the term "nature." Nor is la Chatalais worthy of the respect Professor Adamson pays him. His motives were not more commendable than those of his fellow-regalist jurists, nor had his *comple-rendu* any claims to be exalted over theirs, save that its literary style was somewhat better. And what contention could be more preposterous than his suggestion that the care of education should be taken out of the hands of the clergy and given over to those of the State, that it might have the power unimpeded to manipulate it into the service of its own dubious aims? The last five chapters touch on the contemporary educational movements.

To conclude. While thanking the author for the useful material he has brought together, we should like to suggest to him, that if he continues his researches into the history of education, he should find a place in them for the Catholic schools, male and female, of this country. They could supply statistics which could contribute to solve some of our educational problems, if only some expert like himself would look them up. And Professor Adamson is one whose visits to them they would gladly welcome.

3—TWO NEW ROMAN PERIODICALS¹

TWO new periodicals, both published at Rome, and evidently destined to play a great part in organizing Catholic theological study, send us the first *fasciculi* of their first volumes, and we have great pleasure in announcing and welcoming their arrival, and indicating the character of their

¹ (1) *Biblica*, Commentarii editi a Pontificio Instituto Biblico. Romæ: Piazza della Pilotta 35. 1920. Vol. I. fasc. i., pp. 172. (2) *Gregorianum*. Rivista trimestrale dei studii theologici et filosofici. Romæ: Pont. Univ. Gregor., Via del Seminario 120. 1920. An. 1, Vol. I. pp. 176.

programmes and prospects. One, entitled *Biblica*, emanates from the Biblical Institute; the other, entitled *Gregorianum*, from the Gregorian University, and both are to appear quarterly, and both priced at 18 fr. *per annum* (or outside Italy, at 20 fr.). The Biblical Institute, we may remind our readers, is to be distinguished from the Biblical Commission, the latter being an organ of Papal jurisdiction, which it exercises by its decrees, published from time to time, for the guidance of Professors and others throughout the world, who write on Biblical questions; whilst the former is an institute established by the Pope for Biblical study and collation of degrees for efficiency in Biblical learning; of course, however, they are intimately connected. The Institute has now been in working for some seven or eight years, but since the war broke out, with the necessary consequence of scattering many of its staff and disorganizing its work, it has had to carry on under great difficulties. Now, however, that peace has been restored, and many of its exiled members belonging, as is essential in a Catholic enterprise at headquarters, to various nationalities, have been able to return to their posts, it is setting to work in right earnest, and the inauguration of this periodical may be regarded as a notable portion of the first-fruits of its resumed labours. An obvious general advantage which we can now anticipate from this new departure, is that it brings before us all, in whatever part of the world our lot is cast, the nature of the Biblical Institute in a concrete form, and if, as is to be hoped, it is widely circulated through the various Catholic colleges and homes of Biblical study throughout the world, it will have the effect of diffusing a spirit of direction and encouragement that will be invaluable. This first number contains two long and substantial articles *de fonds*, one on the nature of the *θεωπία* in the exegetical school of Antioch, in the early Christian centuries, the feature which distinguished it from the contrasting school of Alexandria; and the other on the "Concept of Life in the Gospel of St. John." This latter article is by Père J. B. Frey, S.Sp., one of the Consultors of the Biblical Commission, and is of the utmost value for students of the Fourth Gospel. After Articles come *Animadversiones*, to which about a quarter of the space is given, and the interpretation of some interesting Biblical passages is discussed. Next follow *Recensiones* or Reviews, of which there are four treated at some length by writers who show considerable in-

dependent knowledge of the subject-matter of the books reviewed. The last of these, on M. Thureau-Dangin's *Chronologie des dynasties de Sumer et d'Accad*, is by Father A. Deimel, who, we believe, was the late Father Strassmaier's pupil at one time, and seems destined to succeed him as an authority on Cuneiform Monuments. In the fourth place comes an *Elenchus bibliographicus* of 31 pages. This, though so lengthy, is confined to periodicals and books published in the various countries during 1919. It had been intended to issue the first number of *Biblica* in 1915, but as the war made this impossible, a large mass of arrears had time to accumulate, and when the present issue was in preparation, it was thought better to pass them over, reserving some of the principal items among them to be noticed and, if necessary, commented upon from time to time; as by these elenchi and occasional comments on them the editors feel they will be doing a service to intending writers everywhere, by providing them, in an easily accessible form, with information that may be essential to them in dealing with their respective subjects. The last department of matter treated is named *Nuntiae rerum et personarum*, and is to keep the reader *au courant* with what is going on at the Institute. Two Briefs addressed to the Vice-President of the Institute by Benedict XV. are given here, one on November 18, 1918, the other on June 19, 1919, both of which must have afforded great consolation to the staff. The former was to commend their solemn gathering to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication by Leo XIII. of his remarkable Encyclical on the nature of Holy Scripture, known as the *Providentissimus Deus*, the other to commend their project, which they hope soon to realize, of opening a house at Jerusalem, which may be subsidiary to the house of the Institute at Rome, and enable their students, after passing successfully through their studies there, to spend a further short term in the Holy Land itself, "that coming under the influence of the region where the air of sacred antiquity is breathed in, they may further perfect their knowledge of it."

The other review, whose first number has been sent to us, is to be the organ of the famous Gregorian University. Dogmatic Theology and Philosophy are to form its primary subject, the latter on the lines laid down by St. Thomas of Aquin. But besides this fundamental subject-matter, it will take in also Positive Theology and such other departments of in-

vestigation as are subsidiary and useful for the study of Scholastic Theology. Also, like *Biblica*, it will reserve a portion of its pages for Notes and Discussions, and for Reviews, as likewise for regular bulletins to keep its readers in touch with the contemporary movements of theological and philosophical thought.

The contents of the first number of the *Gregorianum* are full of promise, and illustrate how the two new periodicals will work together to promote and organize Catholic study throughout the world. The opening article is appropriately from the pen of Cardinal Billot, the *doyen* of its teaching staff up to the time of his elevation to the Cardinalate. It is on "God, the First, Efficient, Exemplary, and Final Cause of the Universe," a subject which he works out very lucidly, and yet simply, on the lines of St. Thomas' well-known five proofs. It is, however, a first article and is to have a sequel. Père Vermeersch follows with a first article *De Mendacio*, in proof of the position that a downright lie, as distinguished from a lawful use of amphibology, is never under any sense permissible. Then follow articles on St. Thomas's doctrine of the Perfection of the Christian Life, on the purport of the decree of the Council of Vienne concerning the true relation of the soul to the body, on the co-operation of Metaphysics with empiric discovery in Cosmology, and again on Consciousness and Psychical Facts. Then come Notes on the sense in which immobility and progress are both attributable to Scholastic Philosophy, and on the essential opposition between Theology and Theosophy. Finally come Reviews, one of which we may specially mention, namely, Père Bouvier's notice of Père de Grandmaison's magisterial article on "Jèsus-Christ" in Père d'Ales' *Dictionnaire d'Apologétique*.

In both these reviews, while Latin is held to be the official language of the organ itself, other languages are admissible. In the *Gregorianum*, indeed, only Latin and Italian are employed, at all events, in this first number. But in *Biblica*, besides Latin, we have contributions in Italian, French, English, German, and Spanish. In the articles, however, as distinguished from the reviews, a short abstract in Latin of the points contended for by the writer, is prefixed by way of introduction. This arrangement would seem incongruous in a publication for the use of any one nationality, but it seems to us felicitous in one intended for the use of Catholic scholars of all nations.

SHORT NOTICES

MORAL THEOLOGY.

THE modern abuses of Spiritualism have had the effect of calling attention to all manner of abnormal psychical phenomena, especially in that largely uncharted region where spirit comes into immediate contact with matter and functions without awaking consciousness. In the traditional experience of the Church we find, classified and diagnosed, various morbid soul-states induced by religious excess or perversion, which go some way towards explaining the spiritualistic phenomena, and are, therefore worth studying by others besides physicians of souls. Exhaustive material for such study and clear guidance is afforded by a large Italian work before us entitled, *Il Trattamento "morale" dello Scrupolo e dell' Ossessione morbosa* (Turin: 2 vols.: 32.50 l.), by Natale Turco, a pupil of the well-known psychologist, Father A. Eymieu, S.J., who contributes a valuable preface. Although the main theme of the book is the spiritual disease called scruples and the subjection of the will to evil suggestions or influences, its range is very great, and includes the discussion of the very varied experiences of the mystical life, the effects upon the soul both of the truths of faith and the facts of experience, the false theories of such writers as Janet and Freud, the freedom of the will, etc., etc. A feature of the work is its abundant documentation, itself an evidence of the wide reading of the author and his careful study of his materials. No priest or doctor who reads Italian but will profit by the reading of this masterly treatise.

We have already noticed the very handy *Summarium Theologiæ Moralis* (Marietti: 11.00 fr.), by Father Nicholas Sebastiani, which is now in its fourth edition and revised according to the New Code. Furnished with a good index, it will be found a ready means of renewing one's knowledge of moral principles and their application.

Another *Summarium* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 7s. net), also in its fourth edition, is the well-known booklet by Father A. M. Arregui, S.J. It is fuller in treatment than the previous work, as well as being more attractively printed, and it follows the most recent pronouncements of the Sacred Congregation on the New Code, quoting as well the old law so as to make the changes clearer.

APOLOGETIC.

We are glad to have in a collected form those *Questions and Answers on the Catholic Church: Second Series* (Sands: 2s. net) which form so useful a feature of *The Catholic Gazette*. As in the former compilation, the questions represent the difficulties proposed by non-Catholics and others unacquainted with the Faith, and the answers are the work of Father A. B. Sharpe, M.A., who has brought to a pitch of great perfection the art of combining brevity with clearness. The subjects range over philosophical speculation, points of doctrine, historical events, errors and abuses—the whole battle-front, in fact, of the non-Catholic attack. In his space, Father Sharpe could hardly avoid the possibility of being misunderstood, and here and there occur answers which need more careful qualification than they have received, that, for instance, expounding the

theory of tolerance (p. 144). The book, which has a useful index, will be found valuable by Catholic Evidence lecturers and all whose duty it is to give an account of the faith that is in them.

One of the earliest, as Father Sharpe's manual is one of the latest. Question-and-Answer books is *The Apocriticus of Marcellus Magnes* (S.P.C.K.: 7s. 6d. net), the survival of which amongst English scholars is mainly due to the devoted labours of Dr. T. W. Crafer, who has written copiously on the subject in the *Journal of Theological Studies*, and now presents the output of his investigations in this scholarly translation. The romantic history of the document is fully detailed in the Introduction. The editor decides, against Harnack, that it was written early in the fourth century in persecution times, and that it may have been an answer to the pagan Hierocles. It preserves all the objections urged by that or some other adversary, and answers them point by point. It is immensely interesting to see how the cultured Pagan mind, like the rationalist of to-day, affected a higher morality than that of Christianity, and how equally shallow and captious were the objections then urged. This is one of the most valuable of the translations of early Greek Texts issued by the S.P.C.K.

Father Alexander, O.F.M., has written a stimulating book, *The Way of Youth* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 1s. 9d. net), which aims at giving young Catholics "a good conceit of themselves," at showing them, in other words, what an immense privilege, even humanly considered, it is to be brought up in the Faith and have ready access to the means of grace. They are indeed "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world," but only if, and in proportion as, they use their opportunities. Father Alexander's book will encourage them to do so to the utmost.

DEVOTIONAL.

Père Watrigant is giving his *Collection de la Bibliothèque des Exercices de Saint Ignace* (Paris, Lethielleux: 6 fr. yearly) a new send off after the war. The forty-ninth fascicule just to hand gives an interesting study on *La Méditation Méthodique*. We have heard lately a good deal on St. Thomas Aquinas and mystical contemplation, and similar discussions have been repeatedly raised over Ignatian methods. To understand such topics, and to be able to discuss them, the student of the Spiritual Exercises must have studies and texts like these furnished by Père Watrigant in his *Bibliothèque*. In practice they can be found nowhere else. Moreover, as none of our public libraries takes these publications, our religious libraries and generally all those who give retreats or study them seriously, and wish to go a step beyond elementary *concionabilia*, must get the collection for themselves; but luckily it is extremely cheap, and complete sets are still obtainable.

ANGLICAN.

What distinguishes the Rev. Jesse Brett's *The Hidden Sanctuary: Devotional Studies* (Longmans: 5s. net) from a Catholic treatise on the means of union with God is a certain unfamiliarity of phraseology, not by any means any error or defect of doctrine. It may therefore be read with profit by Catholics, the more so that most of its illustrations are drawn from Catholic sources, ancient and modern.

In the little book of meditations on characteristics of our Lord's ministry in Galilee, called **Galilean Days** (Longmans: 4s. 6d. net), by the Rev. F. W. Drake, may be found many helpful thoughts inspired by a loving study of Christ's life. But the author, although he admits the divinity of our Lord, is sometimes unorthodox from the Catholic standpoint, notably when he goes out of his way to deny the Primacy of St. Peter.

Sister Agnes Mason, of the Community of the Holy Family, in her essay **The Way of Beauty** (Longmans: 5s. net), although she sees quite plainly the distinction between physical and moral loveliness, goes too far when she sets out to show "that crimes against beauty are plain sins, just as lying is a sin against truth and stealing against righteousness" (p. 2). The absence of physical beauty, according to our canons of taste, in much of God's own handiwork in this fallen world, and the element of convention in our estimate of it, shows that man can be under no real obligation to attain it. "Handsome is that handsome does" expresses our sense of that truth. But the little book does well to insist upon the spiritual loveliness of which physical beauty is a shadow, and to deplore the modern cult of ugliness which is practised by men who have lost sight of the moral beauty of the Christian ideal.

HAGIOGRAPHY.

In **Mary's Praise on Every Tongue** (Manresa Press: 3s. 6d. net), Father Peter Chandlery, S.J., has searched every age and place to discover the homage men have paid to God's Masterpiece, the Blessed Virgin, and the result by a rigorous process of selection has been brought within compass of a single volume. Even so, thus combined the consensus of opinion is remarkably full and forcible: here if anywhere we may apply the principle—"Securus judicat orbis terrarum." For not only the Saints of the Church in every country and period have honoured her beyond all other creatures, but people of every class and occupation, by all the means that can express human emotion—verse, painting, sculpture, music—have followed their example in giving her homage. Father Chandlery has been ingenious in classifying not only the different categories of worshippers of our Lady, but also the various means employed in expressing their devotion, and the varied objects of that devotion itself. He has wisely refrained from criticising the genuineness of disputed writings and events, knowing that legends are as true an indication of dispositions as historical facts. One can only regret that exigencies of space have curtailed many of the most interesting sections, such as the testimony of non-Catholics to the unique character of our Lady and to the beneficent effects of her *cultus*, but enough remains to furnish eloquent testimony to the piety and diligence of the author, and to provide devout clients of Mary with a most acceptable stimulus to their devotion.

St. Teresa, the most human as well as the most unworldly of Saints, was, as is well known, constantly occupied with business connected with her reform and wrote incessantly to all sorts of people. Most of this correspondence has apparently perished, but enough remains to illustrate the happy, playful spirit of the great mystic and her strong common sense and business-like capacity. The Benedictines of Stanbrooke, who have already translated and edited several other works of the Saint, now pro-

pose to issue an entirely new version of these *Letters of St. Teresa* (Baker: Vol. I., 9s. net) with explanatory notes, and the first volume (of four) has already been published. The whole will include all the letters, some 460 in number, now known to exist. They are arranged chronologically, so that we can follow the Saint's fortunes and get a closer glimpse of her mind than she always allowed to appear in her autobiographical works. As Cardinal Gasquet, who contributes an historical preface, well remarks, there is no better revelation of character than is contained in correspondence not intended for publication. Here then we have a masterpiece of self-portraiture which will endear the Saint even more to her innumerable clients.

Most Catholics have heard of the devotion of the "miraculous medal," and many no doubt are in the habit of wearing it, but few, perhaps, know how and when it was instituted. That information, and much more that is interesting and edifying, is contained in *The Ven. Sister Catherine Labouré, 1806-1876* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net), an English adaptation of the French *Life of the holy Sister*, who was an instrument chosen, long before the Apparitions of Lourdes, to promulgate devotion to the Immaculate Conception.

POETRY.

The songs of a primitive people like the Serbians, forced by their contiguity to the aggressive Turk to remain for generations in the fighting stage of existence, are naturally simple and direct. Consequently they are the easier to reproduce in another tongue, since no literary artifices require translation, but only the plain facts and the natural simile. We gain, therefore, from Miss Helen Rootham's *Kosovo: Heroic Songs of the Serbs* (Blackwell) a very good idea of the force and beauty of those Homeric ballads which have served to keep alive and perpetuate the warlike spirit and, therefore, the national life of Serbia throughout the ages.

There is much subtle craftsmanship, fine literary feeling, and true insight in Mr. H. M. Pim's *Songs from an Ulster Valley* (Grant Richards: 3s. 6d. net), though the subjects of Ulster or Ireland have but little share, and that not very consistent, in the contents. Mr. Pim's muse is mainly literary, and hence it is in the reflective suggestive sonnet that he scores his greatest successes. The collection is quite above the ordinary, run of contemporary verse.

MISCELLANEOUS.

As long ago as September, 1913, we published an account of Madame d'Youville, the Foundress of the Sisters of Charity at Villemaire, better known as the "Grey Nuns" of Montreal, that devoted Sisterhood which aids the Oblate Fathers in their missions amongst the Indians in Northern Canada. We are glad, therefore, to have the detailed account of *The Grey Nuns in the Far North* (McClellan and Stewart: Toronto) which Father P. Duchaussois, O.M.I., has lately written, which is aptly described as a "record of heroism, self-denial and sacrifice." The privations undergone in these barren and frost-bitten lands, both from the rigours of the climate and the savage character of their inhabitants, is feelingly depicted in these vivid pages, which are adorned by many striking photographs. Yet the one prevalent note in the Sisters' letters

is one of cheerfulness, the reward of those who have literally left all to live for Christ. Without any disparagement of others not of the Faith, it may be noted that the Oblate Fathers and the Grey Sisters have the Mackenzie region practically all to themselves, and are the only permanent civilizing influence there. In an Appendix is given a summary of the great educational and medical work being done by the Sisters throughout the whole of Eastern and Northern Canada.

It is superfluous to point out the utility of **The Catholic Directory** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net), which appears this year rather later than usual. The information it contains about the working of the Church in England is so detailed and so helpful that one is tempted to judge of the practical Catholicism of any household by its presence or absence. Its price moreover remains so low that only want of ordinary zeal would account for its not being purchased.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The general feeling that the Versailles Peace Treaty needs reforming from the point of view of expediency if not of justice gives additional value to the publication by the American Association for International Conciliation of the **Comments by the German Delegation on the Conditions of Peace**, which makes a volume of some 140 pages. The German Delegation naturally lays much stress on the fact that negotiations for peace were begun on the explicit basis of President Wilson's "Fourteen Points," which in the subsequent Conference were largely lost sight of. Their objections in substance and in detail were over-ruled, and the settlement was dictated. As a result, unless modified, it will hold only as long as the dictators can enforce it.

The challenge which Dr. W. McDonald threw down to his countrymen, clerical and lay, in his booklet *Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War* has not, so far as we know, been yet taken up by any responsible leader of Irish thought. But the learned Doctor has taken occasion of a review of his work, which appeared in the *English Catholic Times*, to rebut the charges made against him therein and to reaffirm his own attitude in a **Postscript in Reply to Certain Criticisms** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 2s. net). This kind of polemic, though intensely interesting to the parties immediately concerned, is apt to weary the reader, who cannot be expected to carry in his head the precise context of the points in dispute, and even Dr. McDonald's lively style does not free his pamphlet from this tendency.

Recent issues of the **Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 c. each) contain "Woman's Mission in Modern Society," and a statistical exposure of the alleged superiority of anti-Catholic Ulster over the Catholic. Also (in Vol. XVIII. No. 1) appears a full report of the Orange attack on the Guelph Jesuit Noviciate, and the judicial vindication of the inmates from the slanders of their adversaries; and, furthermore, the refutation of a charge made by a Harvard Professor against the Jesuits to the effect that they teach that the end justifies the means.

La Bonne Presse, Paris, has sent us a missionary biography of great interest—**Mgr. Hacquard des Pères Blancs** (2 francs)—by the Abbé Mains, which gives an inspiring account of the prelate's labours, aided by excellent illustrations. Bishop Hacquard was drowned in the Niger in 1901, at the early age of 40.

Also a collection of short stories, *Fleurs de Paix et de Guerre* (2 francs), by Charles Baussan, and one of the *Romans Populaires* series, *Le Nid* (0.40 fr.), by Guy Bagite.

An anonymous hand has penned an inspiring pamphlet on African Missions called *The Epic of the "Dark Continent"* (Guy & Co.: Cork).

The difficulties which beset a missionary in a Church which has no fixed doctrine are illustrated in *An Open Letter* written by an Anglican missionary in the Philippines, the Rev. John A. Staunton, who finds that his new Bishop forbids several of the religious practices sanctioned by the old, a phenomenon paralleled nearer home.

The lamentable prospect of the Turk being left to pollute the soil of Europe makes it more necessary than ever to call attention to his inherent barbarity as shown in his treatment past and present of the Armenians. For nearly half a century the Turk has massacred and the European has protested: it is time that the protest should be effective and final. The pamphlet, *Armenia and the Settlement*, a report of the meeting of protest held in London last July, should be read and re-read till public opinion forces our politicians to do justice and risk the falling of the skies.

A telling pamphlet against a prevailing sin of our times, *Bribery* (S.P.C.K.: 4d. net), has been written by Mr. R. M. Leonard, Secretary of the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League.

One cannot but feel a thrill of pleasure in taking up *The Inter-University Magazine, a Journal for Catholic Students* (published by Messrs. Wheaton, Fore Street, Exeter: price 1s.). The Editor, R. H. Rastall, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, tells us it is intended to be "a bond of union among the Catholic Students" in the 15 Universities of Great Britain. In each of these one or two local representatives are named, and the object is to get the junior members to keep the magazine going. As the Editor most truly says: "Within each University of Great Britain, Catholics are in a small minority; but when they unite into a society, guild, or sodality they become a power." The magazine is meant to act as a meeting ground for the representatives of those isolated units, and as a stimulus to united action, possible only when there is frequent and friendly intercourse. Stirring congratulations are printed from Cardinals Bourne and Mercier, from Sir Bertram Windle, Hilaire Belloc, Professor Phillimore, and others, to which we gladly and cordially add our own.

The Irish branch of "The People's Eucharistic League," one of the four organizations established to promote devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by the holy French priest Père Eymard, has recently published an official organ of its own, happily named *The Golden Hour* (published, apparently bi-monthly, at St. Joseph's College, Blackrock, Co. Dublin: price 3d.), to be a bond between the 800,000 members which have been enrolled since its institution in 1910. It contains a number of religious essays, stories, and verse, together with information germane to the purposes of the League, and should be an assured success.

The *Revue Internationale des Sociétés Secrètes* (Paris: 5.00 fr.) begins its Ninth Volume with January of this year. For all who wish to understand the hidden forces incessantly at work to subvert Christian civilization, the *Revue* is essential. It collects together all the evidences of the workings of the secret societies and shows who are their chief up-

holders. Light, for instance, is thrown upon the career of Caillaux, now on his trial in France for treason. The trial is in reality a test of the relative powers of the State and the underground organization that aims at usurping its powers. Another article traces the close connection between Freemasonry and Theosophy. The *Revue* is very fully documented.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

The Catholic Mind. Vol. XVII.
No. 22. Vol. XVIII. No. 1.
Price, 5 cents each.

ASSOCIATION FOR INTERNATIONAL
CONCILIATION, New York.

*Comments by the German Delegation
on the Conditions of Peace.* Pp. 141.

BAKER, London.

The Letters of St. Teresa. Translated from the Spanish by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Vol. I.
Pp. xix. 308. Price, 9s. net.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Disputationes Metaphysicae de Enti Communi. By S. de Backer, S.J.
Pp. 126. Price, 5.00 fr. *Asserta Moralia.* By M. Mataran, S.J. and P. Castillon, S.J. 13th Edit.
Pp. ix. 302. Price, 9.25 fr. *Retraites Fermées.* By Fr. A. Boissel.
Pp. 420. Price, 7.00 fr. net.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

Kossovo: heroic songs of the Serbs.
Translated by Helen Rootham.
Pp. 99.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE,
London.

Ven. Sister Catherine Labouré. Pp. vii. 146. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Postscript: in Reply to certain Criticisms.* By Rev. W. McDonald, D.D.
Pp. 32. Price, 2s. net. *Summarium Theologiae Moralis.* By A. M. Arregui, S.J. 4th Edit. Pp. xi. 653. Price, 7s. *The Catholic Directory for 1920.* Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Way of Youth.* By Father Alexander, O.F.M. Pp. viii. 150. Price, 1s. 9d.

GILL & SON, Dublin

Life of the Ven. Anne Madeleine Remusat. Illustrated. Pp. xv. 239. Price, 6s. net.

IGOROT PRESS, Sagada.

An Open Letter. By Rev. J. A. Staunton. Pp. 28.

LETHIELLEUX Paris.

La Justice envers Dieu. By Père Janvier. Pp. 360. Price, 4.00 fr.

LONG, London.

The Priest of Isis and other Poems. By Ethna Kavanagh. Pp. 42. Price, 2s. 6d.

LONGMANS, London.

A History of the Venerable English College, Rome. By Cardinal Gasquet. Pp. ix. 291. Price, 15s. *The Way of Beauty.* By Sister Agnes Mason. Pp. viii. 122. Price, 5s. net. *The Problem of Evil.* By Canon Peter Green. Pp. viii. 205. Price, 6s. net.

MANRESA PRESS, Roehampton, S.W.

Mary's Praise on Every Tongue. By P. Chandlery, S.J. Pp. xvi. 288. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

McCLELLAND & STEWART, Toronto.

The Grey Nuns in the Far North. By Rev. P. Duchaussois, O.M.I. Pp. 287.

PICARD, Paris.

Le Gallicanisme et la Réforme Catholique. By Dr. Victor Martin. Pp. xvi. 414. Price, 20 francs.

REVUE DES JEUNES, Paris.

Les Pierres de la Cité. By M. P. Regnault. *La Terre et la Cité.* By Jean Terrel. *La Famille et la Cité.* By Mme. Carton de Wiart. *Les Métiers et la Cité.* By R. P. Rutten, O.P. Price, 1.25 fr. each.

S.P.C.K., London.

The Lost Apocrypha of the Old Testament. By M. Rhodes James. Pp. xiv. 111. Price, 5s. 6d. net.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.

Euclid in Greek: Book I. By Sir Thomas H. Heath. Pp. viii. 239. Price, 2s. net. *Cambridge Readings in Italian Literature.* Edited by Edward Bullough. Pp. xviii. 335. Price, 8s. net.

